

THE LATE CAPTAIN SELOUS. By Edward North Buxton and H. A. Bryden.
THE CULTIVATION OF VACANT GROUND. By Dr. E. J. Russell.

COUNTRY LIFE

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E. O. HOPPÉ.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF BATTENBERG.

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THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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* * We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS at the FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed, and no postage need be paid.

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THE COTTAGER'S PIG

DURING the past few weeks many powerful arguments have been urged in favour of extending pig-keeping by cottagers. The need of doing so is, indeed, self-apparent. Meat has gone up to such a price that the labourer can scarcely afford to buy it for his Sunday's dinner, let alone for the days between. But some objections have been raised, and it may be useful to show how these can be overcome. In the first place, the Duke of Somerset has written to the newspapers to point out that the cottager cannot keep a pig because he has not got a pigsty. At one time the pigsty was an essential part of the cottager's outfit, but there came a time when prophets of hygiene said that to house the pig in close propinquity to the dwelling-house was to invite disease. No surer way of killing the pig as a British institution could have been devised. Those who raised the objection probably did not realise that pig-keeping involves very hard labour on the woman of the cottage. It means continual boiling and cooking and, what is worse, carrying the food out to the squalling grunter. Now this was bad enough when the pigsty was a sort of lean-to or adjunct of the cottage and the distance the food had to be carried was very short. But when the by-law said, as it

did in many localities, that the pigsty was not to be nearer the house than sixty yards, then the wives and sisters, or whatever the housekeepers were of the labouring class, revolted and said they would not carry bucketfuls of pig's meat any such distance. In truth, we cannot blame them. The labour of keeping a cottage, especially where there are many young children and the pig is most needed, must be very great, even without livestock. It would be unbearable if the woman had at the same time to feed a pig whose dwelling-place was at least sixty yards from the cottage door. In point of fact, this difficulty can in a country place be got over quite easily. The healthiest habitation for the pig is not an edifice of bricks and mortar or a shed made of wooden boards. It can be constructed very easily with thick gorse bushes. An eminent peer, now dead, who made pig-keeping his hobby and was in the habit of carrying off all kinds of prizes for his animals, never used any other method of housing them. The gorse-made enclosure was cosy and comfortable while it lasted, and when the quarters were becoming a little stuffy it was the easiest thing in the world to purify the ground again by burning down the little gorse-made hut. Usually the cottager can get as much gorse as he likes for the trouble of cutting it, and the making of another pigsty is no more work than can be got through easily in an afternoon. Hence the objection raised by the Duke of Somerset falls to the ground.

It is argued again that the present cost of feeding stuffs is prohibitive of pig-breeding. Those who bring forward this contention are not aware of the waste that goes on in the cottage. It may be true, as one correspondent says, that you could not feed a terrier with the scraps from a cottage table, but a great many scraps never reach the table at all. No labourer in Great Britain at the present time need lack a piece of ground to cultivate if he wishes to take the trouble of planting it, and the majority are only too willing to give their leisure to what they regard as a task as pleasant as it is profitable. As a rule they grow quantities of green vegetables too enormous for consumption. If there is a fault, it is that they ring the changes too consistently on a very few varieties of the cabbage, such as Russels sprouts, savoys, and some big-hearted cabbage like Enfield Market. There is a very great deal of waste produce about the huge cabbages that are often grown in the cottage garden, and the outside leaves at any rate might very well go into the pot for the pig. Next there are the potatoes, of which the cottager, generally speaking, grows as many as he has room for. The small potatoes are, practically speaking, wasted unless he has an animal to consume them.

Of course, a pig will not fatten on garden refuse such as comes from cabbages, potatoes, turnips and so on. He wants some kind of meal, and bran and middlings are too dear for buying at the present moment. The resources of civilisation do not stop there, however. Where an allotment runs to an acre or even half an acre, the cottager can grow a quantity of barley or other grain as well as potatoes, and if he has not an allotment, there is still a certain amount of gleanings to be done after the harvest has been led. People who live in towns cannot possibly realise the amount of corn that an industrious woman and her children can pick up in an average season. This grain, whether it comes from gleanings or from the allotment, is usually ground by the local miller, who pays himself by multure instead of charging money, so that you perceive the pig can be fed and fattened at no visible cost. A main point to understand is when to get a little pig. He does not take much to feed in the early months of spring, but can be brought on with boiled nettles and other gatherings from the wayside. His fattening may be taken seriously in hand just when the crops are reaching their best in garden and allotment, while doom may most conveniently be meted out to his life some time before Christmas, when produce begins to grow scarce in the kitchen garden.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Princess Louise of Battenberg, who is an indefatigable helper of the Red Cross Society.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



MR. PROTHERO is infusing new life into the Board of Agriculture, and his address to the farmers at Bedford on Saturday was decided and, on the whole, clearly defined. If there was one part of it not quite satisfactory it was the reference to seed potatoes. All talk about growing potatoes on vacant land will come to very little unless speedy means are adopted for providing the cultivators with seed. Mr. Prothero outlined a scheme which still seems to be in the making. He "hoped to get the Treasury to allow the Board to advance money for the purpose" of growing potatoes and keeping pigs. Those who come under the scheme will pay a small deposit at purchase and the rest when they get their returns. We are not much taken with that idea. In the North of England the matter has been dealt with by the County Councils, and it should be so over the whole of the country. The point is that potatoes in quantities ranging from a hundredweight to half a ton should be placed on sale without delay. The planting season will be on us immediately and unless the seed potatoes are sprouted there will be delay in obtaining the potato harvest. But a central body is not very suitable for choosing and distributing the seed. The potato, to use a phrase from White of Selborne, "affects neighbourhoods." A variety that does very well in one county is a failure in another. Local men alone can select the varieties proper for their districts.

THE sensible plan would be to choose a good early and a good main crop potato. The early should not be a potato that—like Ashleaf, for instance—is most adapted for extraordinarily good soil and highly kept gardens; something more in the nature of Eclipse, which will give a good return on moderate ground. As a main crop Edwards are probably the most generally popular, though their keeping qualities on wet soils are not of the best. An alternative would be British Queen or Dates. But these should be varied to suit the requirements of different kinds of land. That is why we urge that the County Council is really the most suitable body for providing seed potatoes. There does not seem any reason why this should not be done by selecting a merchant in every country town and even every considerable village. Application could be made to the Clerk to the County Council with whatever payment was required, and he would issue a certificate enabling the buyer to obtain his seed at the most convenient centre. Unless something of this kind is done, small growers will not go to the very great expense of purchasing seed potatoes at the price now being asked. It must be remembered that the cultivation of the potato is not as good in this country as it ought to be. The average English farmer is very well content with a return of 6 tons to the acre, whereas on the Continent growers have come to regard 10 tons as the minimum and some of them calculate on raising at least 15 tons to the acre.

IN regard to wheat, oats and barley, Mr. Prothero was definite and satisfactory. But perhaps the most striking passage in his speech was his heartening expression of the hope that "before very long there would be one of the greatest revivals ever known in the history of agriculture." With this, everybody who has studied the subject will heartily agree. In previous times war has always given a fillip to husbandry, but this war promises to give it such an extraordinary stimulus as will make its prosperity

enduring, because set upon a solid foundation. Other wars produced a temporary scarcity of food, but this war has shown that no island country will be justified for the future in depending upon foreign supplies of food. It is necessary for a country placed in the position of ours to become self supporting. Those who doubt the possibility of this will do well to hold their judgment in suspense until measures are taken for ascertaining the real capacity of food production in this country. No one at present has even a remote idea of the returns obtainable by the application of intensive methods to the land and the bringing of waste land under the plough. Figures which we have now under preparation will throw considerable light on the subject.

IF the cultivation of vacant land is to be a success attention should be paid to Dr. Russell's suggestion in the article which appears in another part of the paper that there should be a model allotment set up as a demonstration to novices, just what to do and how to do it. Great numbers of people entirely ignorant of practical gardening are taking up land with perhaps more zeal than discretion, but their zeal can be turned to good account if they will be advised to watch how an experienced cultivator sets about the production of crops. They can do nothing better than imitate him till they have gained experience of their own. When he digs or double digs his plot, they should do likewise. They should watch him put manure into the ground and see how they can do so also. Many of them know very little about the fertilising material which is available and how it acts. They should learn to work it through and through the soil, not laying it in a cake at the bottom of a trench where it will not be available to the first crops; and they can watch what seeds are chosen for the particular ground, how they are sown, and what after-cultivation is undertaken. In that way even the veriest novice might be able to produce very good results in the first season. He will also have been initiated into the charm of gardening, which has thrown its spell over mankind since the day when Father Adam first put spade into the "bonny yard of ancient Eden."

HALT! WHO COMES THERE?—A BULLET!

Seven-sixteenths of an inch of Steel,
Or quarters-three of Iron—"wrought,"
Will save a man from God or De'il:
The Bullet to a standstill brought.
By Coal, or Shingle, inches six;
By nine to fourteen, built-up bricks;
But fifteen inches one will "walk"
Into the less resisting Chalk.
If fighting in a Desert land,
Post thirty inches thick of Sand.
Or Forest?—Oak, that's solid through;
—Timber baulks of three-foot-two!
And sixty inch of Clay will tame
A Bullet of its swiftest aim:
Whilst eighty inches Turf or Peat,
Will halt a Bullet when they meet.

NORMAN C. GOULD.

AN excellent scheme has been prepared by the Royal English Arboricultural Society in co-operation with the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee. It is well known that a disastrous effect of the war has been the destruction of forests, partly by shell-fire and partly by felling to supply the needs of the various armies. Inquiries have been made as to how far it is possible to replace those destroyed woods. The answer is that in France, Belgium and Serbia the tree of the greatest value is the Scots pine (*Pinus Sylvestris*), which readily adapts itself to varying soil and climate. At the moment large numbers of these trees are being cut in Scotland, and it is suggested that the cones should be saved and stored for later distribution of the seed. The cones are rapidly approaching the condition most suitable for the purpose; later on they swell and the seeds are blown about by the wind. The Serbian Government has asked for 4,000lb. of this seed, which they can immediately utilise; and the French Minister of Waters and Forests has outlined a scheme asking for a supply for the coming spring, to be followed next autumn by a further quantity, and still later by a supply of young plants of oak, beech, pine, etc. A suggestion has been made that the rich forests of Douglas pine in Canada might be drawn upon by the Allies Committee, thus enabling our Canadian friends to join in a movement that is sure to appeal to them.

IT is an excellent scheme, but we hope liberal quantities of the seed not despatched to the Continent will be sown in this country. For though our woodlands have not been devastated by shell, they have been woefully diminished by the woodman's axe, and the future security of the country demands that reforestation should be set about with vigour. Where seedlings can be procured, capital opportunity is afforded of utilising the services of prisoners of war to plant them. There is no reason why interned civilians should not be employed in the same way. Mr. Prothero also has pointed out that conscientious objectors should be eligible for work of this kind. It would be difficult for them to raise a conscientious objection against so innocent a proceeding as that of planting trees, and it is very unfair that young men should escape the burden of war laid on the shoulders of their fellow countrymen because they are nominally employed on work subsidiary to war. It takes a very long time for trees to grow, and the need of timber will be pressingly felt as soon as the war is concluded. So that there is every reason for taking the bull by the horns and getting seedlings into the ground at once.

IN another part of the paper a distinguished hunter of big-game, Mr. Edward North Buxton, pays a worthy tribute to Captain F. C. Selous, who has been killed in action in East Africa. It is no unfit ending to a life of adventure. Captain Selous could have wished nothing better. The present writer had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions, and the impression produced by his personality was that he was one of the most absolutely real men ever met. Nothing of pose, nothing of pretence, nothing of ostentation was possible to him. His voice, low and clear, was typical of the man. It carried with it that sense of absolute truthfulness which in the early days of his African adventures the natives were quick to see. His modesty in regard to his own career could not have been surpassed, and on questions relating to matters of which he was an unrivalled authority, he spoke often with the diffidence of a boy, listening patiently to remarks that betrayed a very great ignorance; but to ignorance he had no antipathy, except when it was mantled by pretentiousness and arrogance. It would have been very astonishing to see most men join the Army at the age of sixty-three, but it came natural to Selous, and under military discipline he showed the same gallantry and fearlessness with which he had met the onset of savage animals. During the course of his life he won many trophies in the wild, but it is doubtful if any of them gave him greater satisfaction than the D.S.O. that was awarded him for valour in the field.

MR. HODGE, M.P., as Minister of Labour, has announced that he is not going to tolerate little wooden images in his department. He was speaking particularly of the labour exchanges, where the managers are deficient in sympathy. Mr. Hodge looks forward to a time when the boys will be coming home from the war, and he would like to see every labour exchange a place where they are always sure of a friendly reception and sympathetic help. If it is worked in the old, mechanical, red tape way, it will not serve the purpose for which it is wanted. In the labour exchange it must be understood that the institution exists for the purpose of fitting men with suitable employment. To do that it is necessary to understand both the man and the work. We can easily see what Mr. Hodge means by wooden images, and it is easy to imagine the living, breathing personalities with which he would replace them.

GENERAL attention should be directed to the account of the state of the crops given by the crop reporters of the Board of Agriculture, as they show in the clearest possible manner what farmers will have to contend with during the next few months. The reporters state in general terms that the weather during December greatly hindered work on the land. Some work was done in the first fortnight, but then the frost came and a stoppage followed. The consequence was that the area sown with wheat was small, and it is estimated that by the end of the year little over two-thirds of the area intended for this crop had been got in. The total area sown is nearly 15 per cent. less than at the corresponding date last year. The early sown wheat is described as satisfactory, but that sown later is germinating slowly and, where above the ground, is poor. Obviously, the January weather threatened to be at least as bad as the December weather; but we do not consider that a bad omen, as a mild January is almost invariably followed by a bad spring. As Mr. Prothero says, it is when the March dust is blowing that the farmer will have his opportunity, and

we thoroughly endorse his advice that he should speed up his resources so as to take full advantage of the chance when it comes.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from a fishing neighbourhood, asks us to bring before the Food Controller the possibilities of our freshwater fisheries as a source of food. His argument is that since war began game and coarse fish alike have enjoyed what is practically a close time, during which they have bred and multiplied. Sportsmen have had as little opportunity to fish as to shoot game. No wonder therefore if the stocks have increased. The whole question is whether the quantity available is at all comparable to the demand. It would be easy to try the experiment. Reservoirs, for example, are said to be full of fish. Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, or any other large town could have its reservoirs netted. At existing prices the expense would at least be met, but we doubt if the catch divided among the population would furnish a square meal to each family in, say, Leeds. And how often could the operation be successfully repeated?

VALE.

(Upon my dog, dazzled and killed by a car at night)

And so, the inevitable end,
The sealing touch of Death is laid
Upon the faithful little friend,
Who at my feet ran on and played.

The softly pattering feet are still;
The glancing eyes are cold and glazed;
The voice is hushed, that to one chill
And pitiful protest was amazed.

Oh, may this stillness interpose
In that glad life no during breach!—
My heart upon the words o'erflows,
And silence muffles up my speech.

CLEMENT H. WHITBY.

A HEARTY welcome will be accorded to the appointment of an agricultural machinery committee as a subsidiary branch of the Munitions Department. A number of most important questions are arising out of the scarcity of labour-saving agricultural machinery, and the appointment of representatives of the great firms of Ruston, Proctor and Company; Fowler and Company; Harrison, Macgregor and Company; G. and F. Howard; Ransome, Sims and Jefferies; and Hornsby and Sons, will ensure that adequate steps are taken to deal with the present crisis in a manner that will not compromise the future. The course that the Government should adopt is perfectly clear. First and foremost, it is incumbent upon them to have an increased production of home-grown food. That is the thing to be kept steadfastly in view, and to attain it recourse must be had to existing sources, whether they are foreign or home grown. In other words, every possible implement that will be of use to the farmer, particularly in the spring operations which are pending, must be utilised. The one that will help most is, of course, the agricultural tractor, and while the maximum number of British-made machines should be produced, use should be made of such foreign tractors as are on the market. Meanwhile, the training of drivers should be proceeded with.

THIS is but the first stage, and the measures we have indicated are already on the way. The next stage requires to be thought out most carefully. It needs no telling that a heavy burden of taxation must follow the war, and this burden will be the more difficult to support if there are heavy importations of anything that can be produced at home. Therefore, the main policy to be pursued in the future and kept in sight at the present moment is the development of home production, alike in agriculture and in our factories. A policy that aimed only at the greater production of home-grown food at the expense of heavy industrial importation would go far to nullify itself. Judging from the constitution of the new committee, this principle is not likely to be lost sight of. At any rate, the Government will do wisely when taking action to meet the food requirements if they look to the future also and adopt means for producing farm tractors at home at the earliest possible date to meet demands that must increase with time. No doubt, the makers of suitable machines would issue licences or sell their rights in order that much valuable time might be saved by calling in the aid of other manufacturers.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF VACANT GROUND

BY DR. E. J. RUSSELL

THE problem of cultivating vacant ground is very different from that of cultivating waste land, although in present conditions the results may be equally valuable to the community. Waste land owes its condition, as a rule, to some natural defect which has hitherto proved impossible (or what is in practice the same thing, uneconomical) to overcome, and the only way of cultivating the waste lies in discovering some cheap method of getting over the trouble. Vacant land, on the other hand, owes its condition to purely artificial causes: the activity of the builder, the spread of factories, the desire for parks or gardens, etc.; and whenever the need is sufficiently urgent it can be brought into cultivation without necessarily involving anything in the nature of reclamation.

Those in authority have repeatedly urged that, in present circumstances, every yard of vacant land ought to be made to grow food. The agriculturist is then confronted with the problem: What kind of food is vacant land to grow? "Food production" is a very vague term and includes a great variety of industries, from the intensive tomato growing under glass to the intensive grazing of poor grass lands. One of the difficulties of the agricultural adviser at the present time is the lack of an authoritative list showing just what foods are wanted and in what quantities. In the absence of such a list the only advice one can give is to grow the crop most suitable to the conditions, and in any case this is sound advice, as it usually gives the greatest amount of food material at the least cost.

The problem of cultivating vacant ground, therefore, resolves itself into finding out what crops will grow best and how their success can be ensured.

Broadly speaking, there are three types of crops: those cultivated by hand labour, those cultivated by implements, and those left almost uncultivated. Hand labour is so costly that only valuable crops can be raised this way, and usually attempts are made to secure two crops in one year. Cultivation by implements, on the other hand, is far less costly; and not only can the cheapest crops be grown this way, but it is not necessary that more than one crop a year should be raised. For vacant land, therefore, the conditions would at first sight emphatically seem to indicate cultivation by implements.

But this course, although cheap, has certain limitations which rule it out in many cases of vacant land. Two horses, a plough and two men cover a good deal of ground and require considerable space in which to turn. They are useful enough in a large rectangular field where they have a free run for a considerable distance, but they are greatly hampered by corners, cross roads, unevenness of surface and anything in the nature of dumps of builders' waste.

On most vacant ground, therefore, ordinary farm implements would find considerable difficulty of working. Hand labour is free from these particular difficulties. It is much more readily adaptable to irregularly shaped ground, and it can deal effectively with any waste material that has been allowed to accumulate.

Another consideration comes into play in determining what crops can be grown. The climatic and atmospheric conditions greatly affect the growth of plants, and in some places they are so unsatisfactory that only few plants are able to withstand them. Most town gardeners have discovered by sad experience a short list of hardy plants that will survive if they are raised in a nursery and then brought into the park or garden for bedding out. As vacant land is usually in the neighbourhood of a town, this problem of the impure atmosphere is very important. Almost without exception agricultural crops are very sensitive: when the factory comes the farmer has to move. A few market garden crops are exceptions and seem to tolerate any atmosphere however vitiated. Rhubarb does extraordinarily well in fields on the south and south-west sides of Leeds, where the atmosphere is very impure; probably artichokes would also flourish.

A few years ago Professor Crowther and Mr. Ruston of the Leeds University started an investigation into the effect

of atmospheric impurities on vegetation, which would have given information invaluable at the present time had they been able to develop it fully; but as it seemed so improbable that we should ever want to know anything about crop production in polluted atmospheres, the work was not continued.

The town gardener's experience is usually confined to bedding-out plants and shrubs, but he often knows of plants that will not grow well. In any attempt at crop production on vacant land, therefore, the atmospheric conditions must be taken into account, and if there are factory chimneys, and especially those belonging to chemical works or to certain types of munition works, ordinary farm crops may fail to do well. Of course, this does not mean that a single factory devastates any great area: good farm crops grow at Waltham Abbey and elsewhere where there are single or only few factories. But on the vacant land adjoining such factories there is always the chance that crops may not grow, and this becomes intensified as the number of chimneys increases.

The proper way of meeting this difficulty is to try a variety of crops and not rest content with a single one. Out of all possible crops no expert could possibly select beforehand the one best suited to the conditions. He could, however, select a dozen that would probably do well. Now, variety of cropping is not easy with horse implements. It can, however, readily be arranged by hand labour.

Thus considerations of the size and shape of the area and also of the atmospheric conditions likely to prevail both indicate hand-worked crops as best adapted for vacant land. As already stated, hand cultivation is suitable only for market garden crops—vegetables, fruits, etc. A third consideration leads to the same conclusion. The sparrow is regarded by every cultivator as an obnoxious pest. But if the country bird has earned that reputation, what would be said of the town bird? What artist would undertake to devise a scarecrow that would frighten him off? How could he be prevented from stealing corn crops? He would, of course, do damage in market garden crops, but they do not offer the same facilities as corn.

The general conclusion is that vacant lands, especially near towns and factories, are not well suited for ordinary agricultural crops, but they could very well be used for market garden crops; in other words, for allotments. In each district there is usually a certain amount of floating knowledge as to suitable varieties, and in some cases this has been collected and systematised by the local horticultural society. Such crops give a great amount of food from a given area of land. Obviously, therefore, it is important that as much as possible should be raised in this way. To grow them round the works where people are employed has the double advantage of ensuring a supply and of avoiding the necessity for transporting bulky material.

There are signs that a good deal of market garden produce will be grown in improvised allotments. It is very desirable that some effort should be made to estimate how much there will be. Over-production would mean waste, and that would be a national crime. Substitution is the safer principle. If the area of allotment ground is being increased near the towns and factories, a corresponding area of the market garden land in the country should be put into potatoes, of which there is no fear of over-production. The whole enterprise should be put on to a systematic basis, and the areas devoted to market garden crops in country districts should be so adjusted that any increase in allotment area in the towns would automatically increase the area under potatoes in the country.

Finally, in order that the best should be made out of the new allotments, it is desirable that model allotments should be set up as demonstrations to novices just what to do and how to do it. One model would be wanted for the man with a family whose object was to raise the maximum of produce, and another for the man who liked higher quality, a third for the man who wanted vegetarian dishes, and so on. But some half-dozen would see the matter through, and they would abundantly justify their existence.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON FOOD PRODUCTION

HOW TO RECLAIM AN OLD PLANTATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following hints may be of service in your prospective article on "How to Reclaim an Old Plantation." As there are only 2,800 trees on seventy acres it is a thin crop, and I presume from the description, being a mixed lot, that they are not very old, probably less than eighty years' growth. There is no difficulty in selling timber now, and the fir and oak should be in demand in the Midlands. The main object appears to be to get the land into cultivation, but I am very doubtful if that can be done for this season's crop. There is a great difficulty in getting labour for ordinary felling, but when the timber has to be taken out by the roots the cost is more than double.

I shall as briefly as possible explain the procedure. All the trees should first be rounded up at the butt by good axemen, so that when they are down they can be sawn off the more easily. Then the roots should be bared with the spade and cut with axe or pickaxe at about two inches in diameter (that will be in the case of firs about three feet from the trunk), but a good deal depends on the nature of the soil. When the soil is poor the roots run shallow; when good, *vice versa*. Leave them in this state till all are done. The wind will greatly facilitate matters and in many cases level them to the ground. Thorn bushes, saplings, etc., if any, should be similarly treated. Nothing should be cut level with the ground as the roots are most difficult to get out. It should be remembered that the tree, or bush, is in itself a good lever. When all have been bared and the roots cut they may be pulled down by either an engine with wire rope or with horses. The writer saw three horses very successfully used for this purpose, the trees being spruce, larch and Scots pine of about thirty cubic feet average. A few trees should be left in various places to act as "anchors" to fix tackle on in obstinate cases. The wire rope should be placed as near as possible to the top of the tree, taking into consideration, of course, the breaking strain. When horses are used the power can be increased by the use of blocks and tackle. When the trees are down they should have the branches cut off. A horse should then be used in levering the tree round; this will effectually break any remaining roots, and not till then should the tree be sawn from its roots. The timber can then be measured up and sold according to requirements, remembering that if divided among four or five merchants it will be sooner moved. The roots should be rolled from the holes and with the help of the tree branches burnt, or they could be dragged away with a sled. Soil removed in stubbing should be put into the hole again. When all is cleared off and the owner satisfied that no roots thicker than one and a half inches in diameter are within eight inches of the surface, steam cultivation can commence. If fencing is required a portable sawmill will soon cut all required. A five-wire fence will be found cheapest and easiest to erect. There is a demand for oak bark, but as the trees are to be uprooted bark-stripping will not be possible. Now as to the cost. The best way will be to let the labour in lots for stubbing, dressing out, sawing off, and making ready for the market, at a price per cubic foot (24d. should be about the mark), the owner to find the steam or horse power for hauling down; the clearing away of branches, roots, etc., at a price per acre (about 10s.); and the steam cultivation also at a price per acre (prices vary considerably according to conditions). Wire fencing would cost about 2d. per yard to erect, own timber could be used, probable total cost 6d. per yard. There will be a good demand for the timber after it is cut, but I am afraid not many merchants will buy it standing and carry out all the conditions imposed. If the trees are twenty-four feet average and within reasonable distance of rail there should be a small profit left after all has been got ready for the crop.—EX-FORESTER, Harrogate.

THE FARM TRACTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The farm tractor as advocated and illustrated in your issue of December 23rd is no doubt an excellent labour saver. Very useful, but, as regards ploughing, very far from up to date. It has been my practice for ten years to use what is commonly known as "the one-way plough"; that is, a plough that begins at one side of the field and, without making a ridge or furrow, works through the field to the other. This answers perfectly well on all land properly drained, or light lands not drained. It abolishes the needless drop into a furrow and jump of a ridge every 20yd. (more or less), which causes great discomfort to the man on the seat and, still worse, endless breakages to our up-to-date implements. All the tractors I have seen yet are using ploughs out of date on the best managed farms. What, then, is wanted? A tractor with driving gear at both ends; in short, both ends front! so that when the plough reaches the headland the tractor, without turning, starts straight back, saving much time and fuel, etc. I quite fail to see how the present-day tractor can prepare ploughed land for sowing, ridge for roots, etc., under damp conditions such as we usually get, or break up heavy land in dry, hot weather with a scuffle. It might succeed first time over, but how about the lumps of hard clay, some a foot square? Surely when crossing these it would pitch the engine in all directions!

I can see excellent work ahead for the tractor, but many important works cannot be done. If only the Government could ensure our having the use of steam cultivators (this during last year in my district was impossible owing to scarcity of men), we could with that and our horses do a very great deal, and then after the war make new tractors suitable. The photographs illustrating the difference between steam and motor work is most misleading to an outsider. Surely when there are steam cultivators all ready, but no men to work them, it would pay the Government to see that they are in full swing the whole of next spring and summer. In consequence of my not being able to have the cultivators last autumn I was not able to sow 60 acres of wheat! With regard to breaking up more land, as far as I know at present the tenant has no power to do this without the consent of his landlord. For instance, I would break up 100 acres at once, sow with oats in the spring and then wheat next autumn, but the landlord will not

consent! The land is no good for grass, but excellent for wheat, etc. It is perfectly right that the landlord should be guarded in every way against tenants that are farming badly, or that want to plough up good turf. It is utterly useless to advise farmers, if they have not the power to do the things advised. Action should be taken now, or thousands of acres that might grow oats before wheat will be lost. The farmer must also have a guarantee of sufficient labour, manures (I may mention here that I ordered on December 18th 20 tons of slag, but the makers cannot guarantee that I shall get it by March!), with prices guaranteed for a certain number of years. There are other obstacles blocking the patriotic farmer from a duty he is only too willing to perform. Possibly these will be put on one side, but when? Perhaps by the time my letter reaches you, which I most sincerely hope may be the case.—C. C. H. COAPE-ARNOLD, Smockington, Hinckley.

WOODPIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the letter from Lord Barnard which appeared in your last issue, the "pest" of woodpigeons and the difficulty of destroying them are referred to. In beech wood districts woodpigeons have of late years increased enormously (many of them remaining in the locality the whole of the year), which in my opinion is due to the larger head of game preserved. Shooting is a valuable asset to the owners of land, with the result that farmers are, naturally, not allowed to go into the coverts, the only place to get at these birds with any prospect of success, while keepers will not shoot pigeons for fear of disturbing the game. The damage done by pigeons to peas, corn, young seeds roots, and green crops is considerable, but no claim for such damage can be made against, or is ever likely to be entertained by, a landlord until he is compelled by the Legislature to pay compensation, as in the case of damage to crops through the overstocking of land with game. During the season of 1917-18, to quote Lord Barnard, "the stock of game will be so small as to be negligible from an agricultural point of view." This, therefore, seems to be the time for starting a crusade against woodpigeons, more particularly as we are being asked to grow maximum crops. The damage done by woodpigeons to crops is infinitely more than that done by pheasants, while partridges I always look upon as the farmer's friends.—RUSTICUS.

SMALL-HOLDERS AND FOOD PRODUCTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the effort now being made to encourage private persons to add to the food supply by the growing of vegetables, etc., there is one point of importance which I do not think has been mentioned in speeches or correspondence on the subject, *i.e.*, that proper arrangements should be made for the purchase of the produce, so that growers may be assured of a certain market and an adequate return on their outlay. This is chiefly important to small-holders and cottage gardeners, especially those living in the country some distance from a large town; they have no conveyance or means of sending their produce to market, the cost of carriage may be prohibitive, and they are, therefore, dependent on what local dealers will give them, and as these are, perhaps naturally, out for profit, the grower sees very little return for his money and labour, feels he is working merely for the benefit of a "middleman," gets discouraged in consequence, and no subsequent talk of "patriotism" is likely to induce him to grow more than his own requirements. If, on the other hand, he knows that by fully stocking any ground available he would not only be doing good from a national point of view, but would also be reaping his share of "war profits," I fancy we should see far more private growing taken in hand, and empty ground, especially that attached to cottages, put to fuller use.

Take my own case this year as an example. It was obvious that there might be a shortage of potatoes and everyone was asked to plant freely; I did so and got a magnificent crop of one of the best sorts. For these the highest price I could get locally was £6 a ton, at a time the wholesale price, in large centres, was £10 to £12 a ton, and the same sample of potato was selling in London at 18s. a hundredweight! Also we were told the hay crop was to be taken over by the Government and the price was fixed at £5 10s. a ton. Instead of getting my grass for grazing, as usual, I accordingly got it cut for hay with what assistance was available, was fortunate in the crop and in the weather for making it, and got several tons of excellent hay. But the Government buyer, considering the quantity too small to be worth taking, gave me a release note entitling me to sell it to a dealer. I have not yet met the dealer who will give me £5 a ton for it! They want it for nothing to sell at a profit for £7 10s. This experience is hardly encouraging, and I am sure it is not unique. I see that, according to Mr. Prothero, part of the scheme of food production is to be the constitution of local committees to decide how the land available can be best utilised. May I suggest that part of the work of such committees might be the purchase, at fixed minimum prices, of any surplus vegetables grown, their collection and despatch to centres where required? Any profit made by the committee, after payment of necessary expenses incurred, should be distributed among the producers *pro rata* in the form of a bonus. Local tradesmen and dealers should only be permitted to purchase through the committee and a maximum selling price should be fixed for them. In this way private individuals could count upon a safe sale of their produce at a reasonable profit, and I feel sure that a very large increase of vegetables would be the result. In my own neighbourhood I can safely say that less than half the available ground attached to private houses and cottages is being utilised, in many cases owing to the absence of the men in the Army, but vegetable growing is work which could perfectly well be undertaken by the women who are left at home, and who, being unable from various causes to do more effective war work, would, I feel sure, be ready to "do their bit" in this manner, if a proper organisation for the purchase and collection of the fruits of their labours could be arranged for.—SMALL-HOLDER.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SMALL-HOLDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Small-holders should be introduced to reliable salesmen in the large centres so that they may treat with them themselves and sell their produce direct, and thus not have to depend upon collecting depôts, but keep in their own hands the sale and goodwill of their own produce. Small-holders should be an absolutely independent type of people, and not be made, as sometimes seems to me to be the official tendency, into a sort of modern serf. They should be taught to depend upon themselves and their own initiative entirely, both as regards production of their produce and the sale thereof. They should be taught to depend upon their own initiative and individual effort much in the same way that fishermen on the coast depend upon theirs. Coast fishermen and small-holders should be much the same independent type of people, the one obtaining his livelihood from the sea by means of his boat and his nets, and the other from the land by means of his holding, appliances and livestock. Small-holders should be taught to dispose of their produce in the same manner that these fishermen now dispose of theirs.

If an ordinary farmer is asked for the use of his home paddocks, he will say that these are the most valuable portions of his farm, and worth to him perhaps from £4 to £6 per acre; whereas the other portions, owing to their being further afield, may not be worth to him more than from 30s. to £2.

Small-holder schemes should take the fullest advantage of this fact. All the small-holder's land should be home paddocks, and be of additional value as such. The small-holder's house, in order to take the fullest advantage of this, should therefore stand by itself as a separate unit with its own little farm steading. They should not be built in pairs, as is now sometimes done, because this reduces the value of the surrounding land and impairs the independence, privacy and efficiency of the worker. He should grow as much food as possible in the shape of vegetables, fruit, eggs, milk, butter, honey, etc., to satisfy his own home requirements, and should devote the rest of his time to those branches of petty agriculture which are best adapted to the individualistic effort and for farmyard and home paddock work, such as calf rearing, pig keeping, fancy cheese making, egg production, table bird production, ducks, turkeys, rabbits, bees, goats, etc., specialising in one or two rather than taking up too many.

The land for such a colony of small-holders should abut on to a main line, on which a small station (halt) should be built, with the holdings all clustering closely around the station. Such a colony should be as close as possible to and not more than thirty miles from a large centre such as London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield, etc., and the small-holders should have cheap travelling facilities given them so that they may personally interview their salesmen and be able to get to the large town cheaply, quickly and easily for shopping, the education of their children, doctors, recreation, etc.—YEOMAN.

AGRICULTURE IN WAR AND PEACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On December 9th you published a letter from me on the above subject. I sent a copy of that letter previous to publication to the then Head of the Board of Agriculture. It is interesting to note that the present Head of the Board, according to published statements, is working largely on the lines laid down in my letter. One of my strong points is that the price of wheat must be fixed at a minimum over a period of years; the reason is that in normal times, such as we had previous to the outbreak of war, the

price of wheat was so low that hundreds of thousands of acres of land, most of it excellent wheat land, has been laid down to grass; a very large proportion of it grows inferior grass which is of very little value. In order to induce farmers to break up this land again a minimum price must be fixed over a period of years. Every practical agriculturist knows that it will pay to break up this land and grow wheat, even under present conditions, if the price does not fall below 45s. a quarter. The farmer will not take advantage of this opportunity to make a little profit unless the price is fixed for a period of years, because he knows that all his profit will be lost and more with it in sowing down the land again to grass if the price of wheat is allowed to fall to its pre-war level. This is best illustrated by the old Yorkshire proverb: "Breaking a pasture will make a man, and making a pasture will break a man."

A great deal is being written in the Press about ploughing up meadows and park lands. I am very much afraid that the people who write on this subject have no practical knowledge of agriculture or they would never suggest the ploughing up of meadows. It takes the best part of twenty years to sow down and bring to full maturity meadow land. A meadow is the most valuable thing on a farm; the hay is used for milk production during the winter, and the after grass for the grazing of the dairy cows in the autumn. I think we can leave over the question in the restriction of the rotation of cropping, as, from what I read, the Head of the Board of Agriculture is a practical farmer. I hope his knowledge of farming extends to many parts of England, because the conditions of agriculture vary so much in different districts. It has been my good fortune to have the opportunity to study agriculture in all its branches in nearly every county in England and most counties in Scotland; that is why I advocated in my previous letter to you the appointment of practical men in each district. I see this course is to be followed.

In your issue of December 30th I have read with great interest a letter from "A. B."; he has dealt very ably with, among other subjects, the speeches of Ministers. I want to touch on one point in his letter, that is the question of land banks. There are two ways of establishing land banks: the first and simplest is for the Government to do it. The second way is the establishment of a patriotic institute for the benefit of agriculture in general. Shortly, my scheme is as follows: A number of rich men, preferably those interested in land, should form themselves into a society or company; they should purchase large estates in every district where farmers with a little available capital are desirous of becoming landowners; the farms should be sold to the tenants or others in the districts (who would work them) on the payment of, say, 10 per cent. of the purchase price, the balance, principal and interest, to be paid off in a given number of years to be mutually agreed on, or on the building society principle. This scheme would not only be self-supporting, but it would be profitable to all concerned. The rate of interest to those who invest in the scheme should be limited. Out of this scheme would grow naturally land banks. I do not propose elaborating my ideas any further at present, because I feel I am trespassing too much on your valuable space. No doubt some of your correspondents will give your readers the benefit of their views. There is just one point I should like to call attention to, and that is that if you make the farmers of the country the owners of the land it will give them an interest in the State which nothing else can give, and it will be the means of keeping their sons at home for the more intensive cultivation of their own home land.—E. J. CASTIGLIONE, County Estate Offices, Carlisle.

THE LATE F. C. SELOUS

I.

BY EDWARD NORTH BUXTON.

I HAVE known the late Mr. Selous for many years, and I have the highest opinion of his qualities as a man and a gentleman. He was eminently modest—that was his great characteristic. He never boasted of his achievements. He belonged to a valuable society, of which I am the chairman, namely, the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, and was one of the original members and founders. This society helped to cement our friendship. I never happened to have the privilege of going on any of his journeys with him because he began his big-game hunting in Africa long years ago at a time when I had no time for that sort of thing, and he had finished the most strenuous part of his career before I knew him. Nothing was more delightful than to have a chat with him about his past adventures, or the relations of the white man and black, a question, of course, which he knew intimately. He always talked of matters in which he had taken a leading part with the utmost simplicity and wholly without self-laudation. He was at his best in his own museum at Worplesdon, where his close observation of nature and long experience found free scope, stimulated by the splendid trophies around the room. But what I think he loved even better was the amazing collection of birds' nests in their natural surroundings. He took an active and prominent part in the Matabele War, although he was even then well over the military age. It was a wonderful thing that twenty years later he should again volunteer for the arduous campaign in German East Africa, of which none

knew the extraordinary difficulties better than he. I recollect an anecdote he once told me. He was staying in the house of an old Boer who was a very strict Puritan. Selous was a bit of a musician and he carried with him some small instrument—either a fiddle or tambourine—and delighted the old Boer's daughters by playing many of the popular airs of the day to them. But to this the old man objected as he regarded music as a worldly amusement, and more particularly when they began to dance. Thereupon, Selous, with equal readiness, changed the concert to a series of well known hymn tunes, which was one more sign of his desire to live on the best of terms with all he met.

II.

BY H. A. BRYDEN.

FEW deaths will be more regretted in this terrible war than that of Frederick Courteney Selous, the famous big-game hunter and explorer, the original of Allan Quatermain, who fell in East Africa last week fighting, as he had always fought, for the cause of freedom and honour. The name of Selous had been a household word among big-game shooters for more than a generation, and the popularity of this great sportsman among a very wide array of friends throughout the world was immense. The reasons for this great popularity are not far to seek. Selous was the synonym for all that is upright, brave, chivalrous, manly and unselfish in the British race. No man was ever more fearless, yet none more modest; and unless you knew him well, he very seldom spoke of the great feats he

had accomplished, the dangers he had braved, and the extraordinary things he had seen in a career which was one long pageant of adventure. If ever a man deserved knight-hood it was F. C. Selous. He had explored, mapped and opened up Rhodesia and received the gold medal of the Geographical Society years before the great majority of the huge army now fighting for Great Britain were born. His discoveries, hunting feats and writings directed Cecil Rhodes' attention to Mashonaland; and in 1890 he led the plucky little band of Pioneers into the heart of that country, saw them plant the Union Jack at Fort Salisbury, and knew that Rhodesia and its future were assured. In his books and writings he had long expressed the hope that all these and the adjacent regions might some day be British.

Born in 1851, Selous at the age of nineteen, after a school career at Rugby and two years on the Continent, went out to South Africa and entered upon that life of sport and adventure in which his soul delighted. Although a mere stripling, he quickly proved himself one of the greatest elephant hunters of his time. He hunted at first entirely on foot, and must have had a constitution of iron to undergo the immense physical exertion thus entailed. His only good rifle had been stolen from him on his way up country, and the weapon he used during his first few seasons was an old smooth bore, muzzle-loading, single barrel, Dutch elephant gun, weighing some 16lb. This enormous weapon carried spherical bullets, going four to the pound, with a charge of 17dr. of powder! It is still to be seen hanging up in poor Selous' museum at Worplesdon; and gunners of the present day may guess, when they pick up and handle the piece, what manner of man was F. C. Selous in the early 'seventies.

But even Selous, with his immense strength and determination, found the old "roer" a sufficiently punishing weapon, and in time he discarded it for more modern rifles. In his early years he shot large numbers of elephants in what is now Southern Rhodesia and in Khama's Country and Ngamiland, and for a time did very well as an ivory hunter. But the elephants grew ever scarcer, and he turned his attention for some years to shooting specimens for museums. He explored much *terra incognita* beyond the Zambesi, and in one of his expeditions reached Sitanda's kraal (famous as the starting point of Allan Quatermain, in "King Solomon's Mines"), where he and his companion nearly died of fever and starvation. A few years later he was attacked by the treacherous Mashukulumbwi, and, losing even his trusty rifle, retreated starving, half naked, alone and on foot to the Zambesi, where after fourteen days he found aid. His adventures with wild beasts were innumerable, and he had many marvellous escapes, especially in his encounters with elephants, buffaloes and lions. He was once charged and knocked over while on horseback by a wounded elephant. On regaining his senses he noticed "a strong smell of elephant," and, quickly realising the situation, crawled out from beneath the belly and the hind legs of the monster. In another "close call" his horse was killed by a buffalo, while he himself escaped with severe contusions and a bad shoulder wrench.

His luck with lions was on the whole extraordinarily good. He shot some thirty of those fierce carnivora in South Africa to his own rifle, yet he was never actually mauled by one; and it is to be remembered that Selous for the most part hunted his lions on foot and without dogs. He once killed three in the Ngami Country in the space of less than twenty minutes. He was absolutely without fear. I remember once talking about him to Cornelis Van Rooyen, a famous Boer hunter, who knew him well and had hunted with him. "Ach! Selous!" he said, "That is a man! There is no one like him. He has a heart of iron!"

In 1893 he took part in the Matabele War and was badly wounded. He had been keeping off a number of natives for some time single-handed and encouraging some of Khama's native contingent to come on. A Matabele hit him at close range with a heavy Martini bullet. By an extraordinary piece of luck the bullet glanced off a rib, ploughed round his back, and only inflicted a severe flesh wound and contusion. In 1896, when the Matabele Rebellion broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Selous, then recently married, only escaped from their

homestead by riding, carrying with them a little terrier dog which long after was to be seen at their pleasant English home at Worplesdon. This small dog was all they saved from the plundering and murdering Matabele. Having seen Mrs. Selous into safety, Selous returned and took a prominent part in quelling the rising. On one occasion he had his horse killed, and the Matabele all but got him. Their spearmen were within sixty yards; Selous was exhausted by running, and the great hunter was only saved by the pluck and coolness of Mr. Windley, a civil engineer engaged in the Government survey, who turned back, galloped up, took him on his horse and just saved him.

Selous' strength of constitution was extraordinary. In his early years in South Africa he was once lost in the veldt in Khama's Country. For five days and four nights he existed without food, fire or water and without a coat. The nights were very cold, for it was the season of African winter. Yet he won through, found his way to a native kraal and emerged none the worse for an adventure that would have finished nine men out of ten. His indomitable and steadfast courage no doubt had something to do with the matter. When past middle life he could wade middle deep day after day in the frigid waters of the Yukon, towing his boat-load up to distant shooting grounds, and yet suffered no harm.

His later years were spent in the pleasantest of surroundings. He had a beautiful home at Worplesdon, and here he built a museum which housed the most wonderful one-man collection of big-game trophies in Europe, all gained by his own rifle. Often he went abroad in search of fresh adventures and new trophies, visiting during the last twenty years Asia Minor, Alaska, Norway, East Africa, the Sudan and other countries in search of game. A most careful sportsman, he never shot a head of game which was not actually needed. He was a most enthusiastic naturalist, and as keen on collecting eggs and butterflies as the nobler trophies of great game. His knowledge of nature, and especially of African nature, was immense, and he was never tired of giving freely from the storehouse of his memory and note books to those who applied to him.

At the age of sixty-four, when most men are withdrawing from active life, this splendid veteran on the outbreak of the war went to the front and quickly distinguished himself in East Africa. He was promoted to a captaincy in the Royal Fusiliers, and General Smuts' panegyric on recommending him for the D.S.O. is ample evidence of his rare qualities and achievements in the field. It was a cruel fate that struck down the veteran; and yet he will rest in Africa, a country with which his name will for ever be associated. Those who knew him well can never cease to regret one of the kindest, most generous, modest and dauntless souls that ever sought adventure in the wilderness.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SELOUS.
SPORTSMAN AND HERO.

CAPTAIN SELOUS AND HIS TROPHIES.

[As it would not be easy to find any more appropriate supplement to what has been said above about Captain Selous, we reprint the article on his collection of trophies which appeared in our number for September 16th, 1911. Anyone reading it will see that it was written with the co-operation of Captain Selous, and it contains many interesting details of his career as a hunter of big-game.—ED.]

Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous is probably the most experienced hunter of big-game in this country, or, one might add, in any other, and as such his collection stands apart. Certainly his knowledge of African game is unrivalled, and though other museums can boast a greater number of records, few can compare with his as the result of one man's exertions. It contains nearly four hundred specimens, and there are many other animals which he has killed in the Natural History Museums of South Kensington and Cape Town. Mr. Selous, it must be remembered, was not a sportsman in the limited sense of the word. He was not bent on collecting representative specimens of big-game for a museum. Had this been the case, his collection of South African mammals, so far as records are concerned, would probably have been unrivalled. He

was a professional elephant-hunter, with very limited means of transport. Everything had to give way to the main objects of his expeditions, and many fine heads which he saw, and even shot, had to be reluctantly abandoned. He alone of the present hunters of big-game saw South Africa in her palmy days, as Harris, Baldwin and Roualeyn Gordon Cumming saw it, and as no one will ever see it again. He is the last of the old professional big-game hunters.

Surrounded by lions, buffaloes, giraffe, antelope, deer, sheep and goats, and many other handsome and imposing trophies, hang two little chamois heads. "October 1870 — Two chamois — Untersberg — Bavaria," is the entry in the game book, and may be said to have inaugurated Mr. Selous' career as a hunter. While studying in Salzburg he made friends with a Bavarian forester, just beyond the Austrian frontier, who allowed him to go out stalking with one of his jaegers on the Untersberg, and it was here that he shot his first chamois. Mr. Selous was then eighteen years of age, and on September 4th of the following year he set foot for the first time upon the sandy shores of Algoa Bay in Cape Colony.

His adventures since then have filled several volumes; and though he has in all likelihood killed more African game than any other white man, he himself maintains that, with the exception of elephants, which he shot for the value of their tusks, the meat of every other animal he killed was necessary to supply himself and the large number of natives by whom he was often accompanied with food. Some of the more interesting details of animals killed between the years 1870 and 1900 are as follows: Elephant, 106; buffalo, 175; lion, 30; rhinoceros (white), 23; rhinoceros (black), 26; giraffe, 65; eland, 118; kudu, 60; sable, 125; roan, 88; gemsbuck, 65; tsessebe, 139. That, I suppose, which would first strike a visitor on entering the museum is the big old lion (*Felis leo*) which glowers across the floor. He stood in life three feet eight inches at the shoulder, which is high, an ordinary well grown beast being about three feet six inches. There are twenty other lion skins and heads, including one presented to Mr. Selous by Lo Bengula, the last chief of the Matabele. It was killed by the natives in 1886, about twenty miles south of Bulawayo, and has a remarkably fine mane for a wild South African lion. The skin is covered with spear holes. The biggest lion Mr. Selous ever killed was shot near the junction of the Gwibi and Hanyani Rivers, Mashunaland, on July 16th, 1880. The animal was with three females. He fell dead at the first shot, two more disposed of a lioness and a fourth one of her companions. The other lioness escaped in the darkness, or she, too, would have been killed. Even nowadays in East Africa there is, of course, a large amount of luck in bagging a lion. Many men have been in the country

for years and have never even seen one, while others, on a shooting trip of three months, have bagged half a dozen and more, usually by riding them down with ponies. In South Africa it was always a difficult matter to kill one owing to the large amount of bush. A man going to East Africa now to whom money was no object could regard a lion as a practical certainty: and they have even been cinematographed and lassoed!

Of the half-dozen or so admittedly most dangerous animals to hunt, Mr. Selous places the lion first. He has written fully on this subject in "African Nature Notes and Reminiscences." Despite some few fatalities in East Africa, he considers the buffaloes there must be very different from those in South Africa, or else accounts of their vindictiveness and ferocity are much exaggerated. In South Africa, in the old days, buffaloes existed literally in thousands, and though Mr. Selous killed one hundred and seventy-five of these animals to his own rifle, and helped to kill many more, owing to lack of transport he was unable to keep the best heads. That shown in the photograph was killed in Western Matabeleland, November, 1876. The horns of the typical South African buffalo will, as a rule, measure badly in width; the East African specimens, usually well.

The horns of the specimen shot by Mr. F. A. Knowles in Uganda are unlike those from South Africa, which, though quite as rough and massive, curve in and backwards, losing much in span. Using the ten-bore breech-loader with which, between the years 1876 and 1880, he killed all his game, from elephant to steinbuck, Mr. Selous shot six buffalo bulls on August 20th, 1879. He did this to supply himself, his friends and about eighty natives with meat.

This was the same rifle he employed when charged by a wounded cow elephant, which very nearly killed him. The incident is best described in his own words: "Having picked out a good cow for my fifth victim, I gave her a shot behind the shoulder, on which she turned from the herd and walked slowly away by herself. As I cantered up behind her she wheeled round and stood facing me, with her ears spread and her head raised. My horse was now so tired that he stood well, so, running in, I gave her a shot from his back between the neck and the shoulder, which I believe just stopped her from charging. On receiving this wound she backed a few paces, gave her ears a flap against her sides and then stood facing me again. I had just taken out the empty cartridge, and was about to put a fresh one in, when, seeing that she looked very vicious, and as I was not thirty yards from her, I caught the bridle and turned the horse's head away so as to be ready for a fair start in case of a charge. I was still holding my rifle with the breech open when I saw that she was coming. Digging the spurs into my horse's ribs, I did my best to get him away, but he was so thoroughly done that instead of springing forwards, which was what the emergency required, he only started at a walk, and was just breaking into a canter when the elephant



CAPRA ÆGAGRUS.

Length, 43in.; circumference, 9½in.



ALCES MACHLIS GIGAS.

Span, 66in.; circumference, 9½in.; tip to tip, 42in.; breadth of palm 19½in.; points, 19in and 17in.

was upon us. I heard two short, sharp screams above my head, and had just time to think it was all over with me, when, horse and all, I was dashed to the ground. For a few seconds I was half stunned by the violence of the shock, and the first thing I became aware of was a very strong smell of elephant. At the same instant I felt that I was not much hurt and that, though in an unpleasant predicament, I had still a chance of life. I was, however, pressed down on the ground in such a way that I could not extricate my head.

"At last with a violent effort I wrenched myself loose, and threw my body over sideways so that I rested on my hands. As I did so I saw the hind legs of the elephant standing like two pillars before me, and at once grasped the situation. She was on her knees, with her head and tusks in the ground, and I had been pressed down under her chest, but, luckily, behind her fore legs. Dragging myself from under her, I regained my feet and made a hasty retreat, having had rather more than enough of elephants for the time being. I retained, however, sufficient presence of mind to run slowly, watching her movements over my shoulder, and directing mine accordingly. Almost immediately I had made my escape she got up, and stood looking for me with her ears up and her head raised, turning first to one side and then to the other, but never wheeling quite round. As she made these turns I ran obliquely to the right or left, as the case might be, endeavouring to keep her stern towards me. At length I gained the shelter of a small bush and breathed freely once more."

Subsequently, the cow moving off, Mr. Selous recovered his rifle, and seeing a wounded beast standing among some bushes killed it. It was only on the following day that he ascertained she was a cow previously wounded by his companion and not the animal which had nearly killed him. This one he never recovered. Elephant-hunting on foot entails more severe physical exertion on the part of the hunter than the pursuit of any other animal. In South Africa food was scarce, and the elephants had to go long distances, which rendered a successful hunt long and arduous. In the thick bush, where they were usually found, the profession of elephant-hunting became extremely dangerous.

Most of the antelope killed by Mr. Selous were followed on horseback, and in this manner he secured the fine gemsbuck (*Oryx gazella*) of which a photograph appears. The best head he ever saw he bought from a native hunter at Moroquain in the South Kalahari, and gave it to the late Mr. J. S. Jameson. The horns measured forty-seven and a-half inches. These antelope run with great speed and endurance, though inferior in these qualities to the tsessebe (*Damaliscus lunatus*), Cape hartebeest (*Bubalis cama*), Lichtenstein's hartebeest (*Bubalis Lichtensteini*), blue (*Connochætes taurinus*) and black wildebeest (*Connochætes gnu*) and blesbok (*Damaliscus albifrons*), being about on a par with roan (*Hippotragus equinus*) and sable (*Hippotragus niger*). The heads of these two latter antelopes shown in the illustrations are both those of females, and constitute records. For the last few years he was in South Africa Mr. Selous kept his best heads. In 1877 he was close up to Broken Hill, on the boundary of the French Congo, and in 1888 made two trips north of the Zambesi when he was compelled to retreat owing to the hostility of the natives. He saw many sable, but did not realise at the time that their heads were so much better than those further south, and consequently made no special effort to obtain specimens. He has also a specimen of a cow eland (*Taurotragus oryx*) with remarkably long horns. In actual bulk no antelope of the many varieties which enrich the fauna of Africa can compare with this magnificent beast. The South African race have dwindled sadly in numbers. They are bigger, heavier and stand higher by some inches than those obtained in East Africa (*Taurotragus oryx pattersonianus*). The horns of the Bahr-el-Ghazal (*Taurotragus derbianus gigas*) specimens are, of course, much finer than either, though the bodies are not so big nor the actual skull measurements, I believe, so large. It is interesting to compare the measurements of an old bull shot near Wau, Bahr-el-Ghazal, by Captain R. J. Collins, given in Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game," with those of a South African eland now in the Natural History Museum, taken by Mr. Selous. Captain Collins' measurements were presumably taken before the beast was skinned, Mr. Selous' after the skin had been removed.

	Captain Collins' eland shot in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.			Mr. Selous' eland shot in South Africa.	
	ft.	in.		ft.	in.
Height behind shoulder ..	5	8	..	5	9
Girth of neck (Captain Collins' measurement), presumably including dewlap ..	4	2½	..	5	1
Girth of body (6in. from fore leg) ..	7	1½	..	8	2

The largest head of eland Mr. Selous ever saw was in December, 1879, when he came across a troop numbering at least two hundred near the Mababi River; twelve big old blue bulls brought up the rear of this great herd. The situtunga (*Limnotragus Selousi*), named after Mr. Selous, was found dead, having been killed by another antelope of the same species, which had driven his horn into the unfortunate animal's body and made a large hole just behind the ribs.

Such fights to the death are very uncommon among African antelopes, though in connection with this point one may quote the instance of the impala (*Æpyceros melampus*), killed by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, which, though in good condition, had part of the horn of another ram embedded in the muscles of its neck. The skull of another situtunga obtained by Mr. Selous is at present in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. It had been killed by a leopard, which, as there were no trees, had been compelled to leave its quarry lying on the ground. There it was discovered.

The gemsbuck and sable undoubtedly possess a dare-devil attractiveness which the kudu (*Strepsiceros capensis*) to some extent lacks, yet the graceful spiral horns of the latter have a beauty all their own which places them in the front rank of sporting trophies. Mr. Selous possesses two specimens of this fine beast which would take a lot of beating. His best head holds the record for measurement on outside curve, while the other is a grand head in every way. The first was killed in 1880, near the Umfuli River, in Mashunaland, the second in Khama's Country in 1890.

An interesting head is that of a cross between a Jackson (*Bubalis lelwel jacksoni*) and a Neumann's hartebeest (*Bubalis Neumannii*). It was killed near Lake Nakuru, which is almost the dividing line between the two species. It does not spread like a Neumann's, and is thicker and more chunky than a Jackson's. The white rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*), which is now so hard to obtain, existed in very large numbers in South Africa forty years ago. By 1884 they were practically exterminated in Mashunaland and Zululand. Easy to approach and excellent eating, so soon as the natives obtained guns their end was assured. The black variety (*Rhinoceros bicornis*) were never so much in evidence between the Limpopo and Zambesi as they are in East Africa, where in 1908 I counted twenty-three in one day. They, too, always stuck to the bush in the southern portion of the continent, while the white variety remained out in the open plains, a fact which, no doubt, contributed largely to their destruction.

Mr. Selous has four specimens of the beautiful inyala (*Tragelaphus angasi*) in his collection, all males. He undertook a special journey to Amatongaland in 1896 to secure them, and killed two specimens, a male and a female, within an hour of starting on the very first day he hunted them. These are now in the Natural History Museum. A few days later he secured two more fine males, which are in his own collection. That of which a photograph appears was killed near the Usutu River in South-East Africa. The fine specimen of the warthog (*Phacochoerus æthiopicus*), of which a photograph appears, was shot near the Umzweni River in Mashunaland in 1887. Though not beautiful, the warthog is a fine brute, like all his kind, for the wild boar is the pluckiest animal that exists.

Although Mr. Selous' museum is chiefly interesting as containing the finest collection of African game shot by one man, it contains many trophies from other parts of the world besides. There is a fine moose (*Alces machlis gigas*) from the Yukon which, if symmetrical, would have added another eight inches to its span. The big timber wolf was killed in the same country. He stood thirty-one inches at the shoulder, and the guides said he was the biggest they had ever seen.

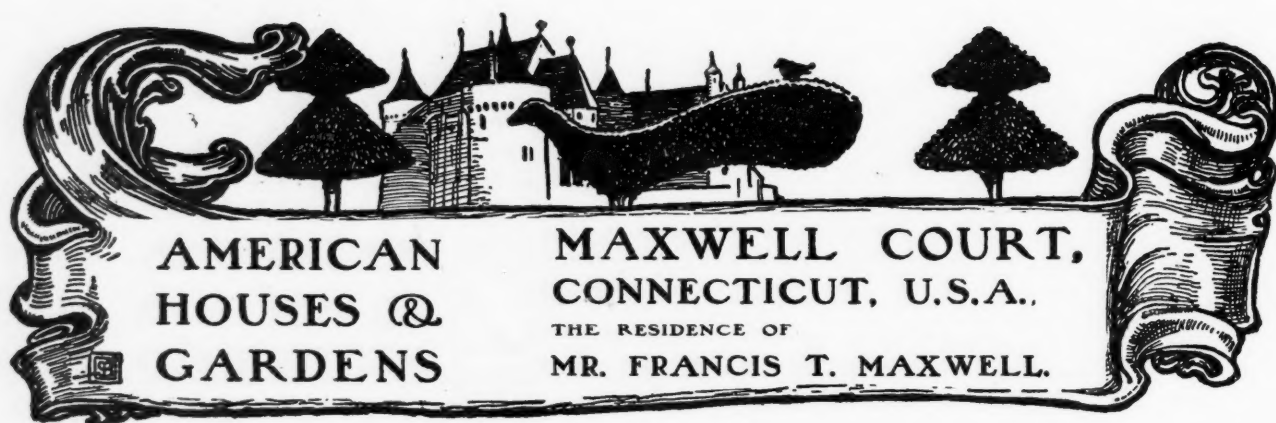
About one wolf in ten is black, according to the trappers. Mr. Selous killed one of this description which was eating a caribou. He thought at first it was a black bear, and never knew until he had shot him and walked up to the body that it really was a wolf. Beneath the towering head and neck of a giraffe is the old four-bore muzzle-loading elephant gun with which for three years Mr. Selous killed all his game. In 1873 and 1874, with this and a similar weapon, he bagged sixty-five elephants besides rhinoceros, buffalo and many other animals. By the time these lines are in print, Mr. Selous will have started for Africa once more. His object is the giant eland (*Taurotragus derbianus gigas*), specimens of which he hopes to obtain for the British Museum. All will join in wishing him a successful trip and a safe return.

FRANK WALLACE.



TROPHIES IN MR. SELOUS' COLLECTION.

1. *Hippotragus equinus* (roan antelope): Length, 30½ in.; circumference, 7 in.; tip to tip, 7½ in. 2. *Inyala*: Length of horns, on front of curve, 25½ in.; in straight line from point to base, 21¼ in.; circumference, 7½ in.; tip to tip, 9½ in. 3. *Hippotragus niger* Female: Length, 39½ in.; circumference, 6½ in.; tip to tip, 6½ in. 4. Buffalo, width outside, 41 in.; inside, 35½ in.; depth over palm over curve of horn, 16½ in.; tip to tip, 24½ in. 5. *Phacochærus æthiopicus*: Complete length of tusk, 15 in.; length exposed, 13 in. 6. *Limnotragus Selousi* (Selous' situtunga): Length on curve, 28½ in.; in straight line, 24½ in.; circumference, 8 in.; tip to tip, 16½ in. 7. *Strepsiceros kudu*: Length on outside curve, 60½ in.; in straight line, 45½ in.; circumference, 11½ in.; tip to tip, 33 in. 8. *Oryx gazella*: Length, 43½ in.; circumference, 6½ in.; tip to tip, 18½ in. 9. *Strepsiceros kudu*: Length in straight line, 41 in.; on curve, 64 in.; circumference, 11 in.; tip to tip, 23 in.



THERE are many ways of looking at Maxwell Court, and some surprises for those who glance beneath the surface of things. This Connecticut homestead is satisfying not only because it is one more well ordered home upon a hillside overlooking a valley, but for its clear revelation of the large grasp of its designer, Mr. Charles Platt. He has realised to the full the advantage of his opportunity, and the psychology of the work is worthy of study. These are days when a new building reveals not only the mind of the designer, but also of the time and the surroundings.

Maxwell Court will be remembered by anyone who has been to Rockville—a little township among the hills of Connecticut famous for its silk and woollen manufactures—for many reasons. It brings to the mind dignified houses seen in England. It was conceived in proportion, and in spirit it follows the Georgian manner of domestic architecture. It is Georgian in idea, Georgian in scale, Georgian in its use of material. Some may be tempted to remember that the city of Hartford, a few miles away, is so fortunate as to possess a steeple built to a characteristic design said to have been supplied by Wren, and that still further along the Connecticut River, half hidden among the trees, is a second steeple in the Wren manner belonging to the little town of Wethersfield. Here also is Webb House, better known as "Hospitality Hall," where Washington and Rochambeau were entertained at their first meeting.

Maxwell Court is also notable because it is designed with a certain reverence for the painter's viewpoint, the

painter's method of composing a picture, the painter's love of sunshine, of view, of skyline, of accent and of colour.

We enter Maxwell Court from the main road and pass through a well shaped forecourt upon the north-west side. This scheme has made necessary a retaining wall of considerable strength and frequent buttressing which, in a certain way and subject to some variations of levels, forms an artificial platform upon which the house rests. There is another platform on the southern side of the house at a lower level. Turn to the plan and see how this opens up and what a captivating idea we are dealing with. As in the case of Gwinn on Lake Erie, where the lake seems to belong to the house, Maxwell Court owns the valley of Rockville, and yet so delightfully is this ownership assumed that in its turn Maxwell Court is a splendid coronet to the hillside and the valley is glad to salute it at sunrise or sunset.

It is this firm handling of a site, this force of thought behind the arrangement of gardens or rooms, and of levels and material, which quicken our pulse as we survey the result of so much vigorous manipulation.

The property is small in inches, for it is probably less than a dozen acres, but it is none the less instinct with a large personality. It has the stately proportions of the Maxwell Public Library, recently built in memory of Mr. George Maxwell, the father of Mr. Francis T. Maxwell.

As we stand upon the upper terrace and look over the valley, turning in the south-westerly or north-easterly

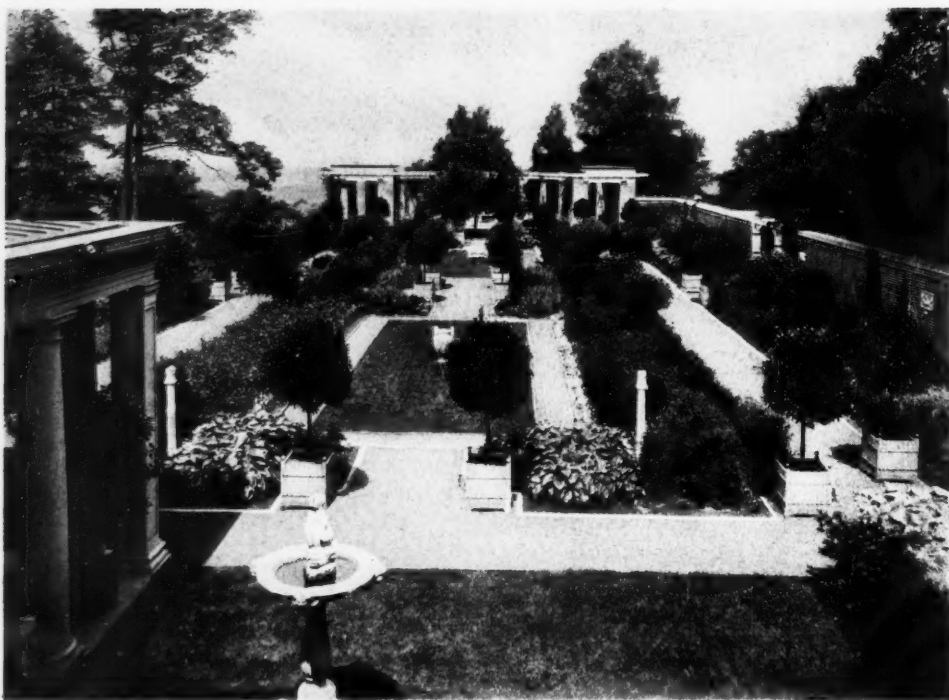




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THE CURVED PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

direction, we see the homes of the workers to whom we are indebted for the damask hangings for our rooms and the cloth of which so much of our clothing is made. It is a beautiful valley, wide, open, full of sunshine. Connecticut is an important State, one of the original thirteen, hallowed for its history, revered for its opinion, and respected for its vigour. From this State the first Episcopal Bishop was consecrated. Connecticut has been a seed plot for big men—men of affairs, proud of their origin, tenacious of their opinion.

As we look across the valley at the whispering brooks and radiant lakes, at the rocky outline, we can understand that this neighbourhood, with all its reputed keenness for the main chance and its industrial peddlers, is truly more to be respected for its strenuous ambitions and intellectual progress.

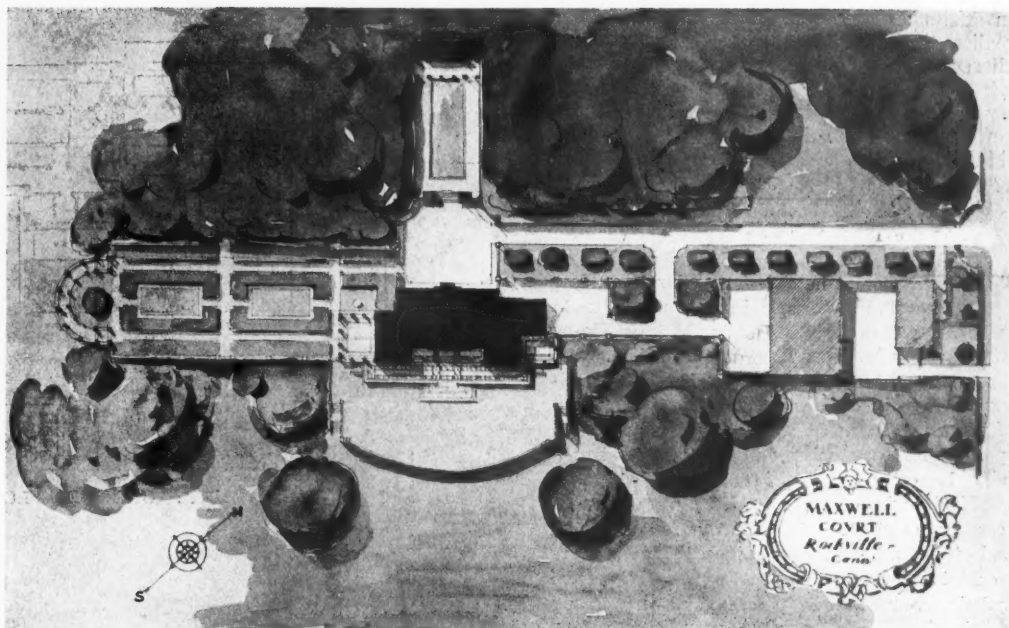
There is an elm tree at Wethersfield which towers over the neighbourhood. It is some 27ft. in girth, the largest elm east of the Rockies. But what delights the eye is that houses are being added to the hillside which are known as homes of the wealthy, and give testimony to years of industry, but have that rightness which makes them accord with the landscape. They are not little principalities, but go together to create the unity of a beautiful picture.

The chimneys of Maxwell Court stand like monuments, viewed from the valley or at a great distance, but Mr. Platt did not seek to glorify them with pretentious stone mouldings. Everyday clay, well fired, was found good enough. In this respect for material and calm proportions we recall the old State House of Boston, Independence Hall of Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Hospital of that city, Woodlands and Highlands of Whitmarsh Valley, Royall House of Medford and Lee House of Marblehead, all of them buildings rich to-day in colour, dignified by weathering and the incrustations of Time.

Maxwell Court is unusual in its setting. American lovers of country houses naturally think of Virginia. Where a man had to deal with hundreds, even with thousands of acres, he could help himself. He could build as he pleased and bring into the picture this, that and the other view. At his leisure he could plant here an avenue, there a garden, somewhere else a grove, or occasionally divert a watercourse after the fashion of the Kings of France or the Princes of Italy. Very delightful was all this graceful indulgence of the lordly idea, the splendour of the Southern planter. That time has passed. The architect of to-day deals with plain, everyday problems. To him the ground is worth so much a foot. He must respect and not dominate his neighbours or kill their outlook.

It takes a far keener discernment to place satisfactorily a house among the small hills of an energetic community than it does where you have the countryside down South or out West; or as the Italians had in years gone by, when they could build upon this hill and look at the other with the knowledge that the valley between would always be an agreeable picture whatever the change of ownership.

This method of treating an estate in relation to the view and the neighbourhood, to the sunlight and the local traditions that assail our hearts with a thousand memories, is a vivid illustration of the American position



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PLAN OF GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE MIDDLE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in affairs architectural. The thoughtful man realises that in building houses he is developing character. As a student of the good things of the world he is inspired by the spirit present in every good period that has gone before. He is no longer a copyist, but a thinker.

SAMUEL HOWE.

BOMB-DROPPING.

THE incident which I am about to relate occurred in France in February of 1915 to one of the best pilots that the Flying Corps had out there at that time. His name I cannot mention, but before telling his experience I will first give you an idea of the type of man he was. Some of his friends spoke of him as reckless, but he could not truthfully be called that. He was a man who would do what he was ordered regardless of cost or sacrifice. He dearly loved flying and took a great pride in all his achievements in the art. His tastes were all of an artistic nature and he possessed a very strong imagination.

On a chilly February morning I find him at the sheds long before any signs of dawn. He is working by electric light on his machine, kneeling beside it with four mechanics. On looking closer I see that he is attaching two enormous bombs to the bomb carrier, each bomb weighing over one hundred pounds.

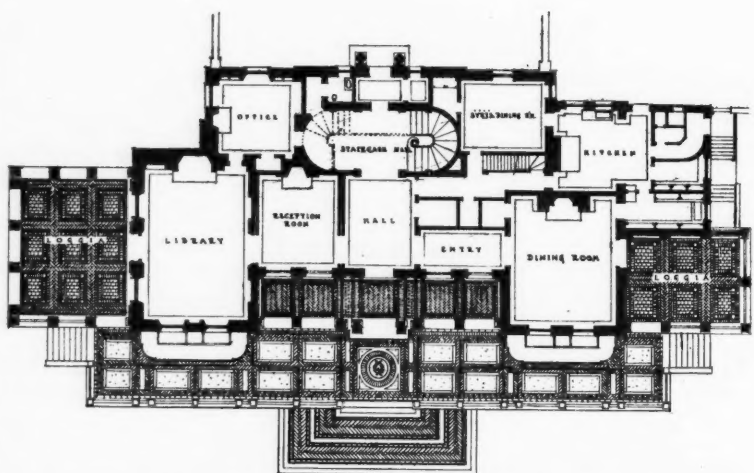
"Off for some amusement, old chap?" I ask him.

"Yes, going to meet a train at — station, got two presents for the station master," he said, referring to a station about twelve miles behind the German lines.

It was still quite dark when he wheeled his machine out, and, after the usual preliminaries, started off on his exciting adventure. We heard his engine humming away in the air, growing fainter as he got higher, and we wondered what luck he would have.

Bomb dropping in the Flying Corps is looked upon with great respect. It is seldom that a machine goes out on a bomb dropping expedition without having some very exciting experiences; so we wondered how our comrade would fare. Knowing him, we felt that he would either be entirely successful in his attempt to destroy the railway junction or he would have some very good reason for not doing so.

After flying around behind our lines in the dark for some time and gradually climbing, he reached a height of 8,000 feet just as dawn was breaking, and turned his machine towards the German lines. The air was bitterly cold, and in spite of all his extra clothing he felt it keenly. When the first line trenches became visible directly underneath him he shut off his engine to remain unnoticed, if possible, and assuming a very flat gliding angle slowly glided towards his goal, still out of sight in the dim light. No other machine was in the sky. Nobody seemed to have even noticed him, so he still glided towards the station in which he could now see the white steam from a locomotive. He was judging his glide so that when directly over his target he would be at a height of about 600 feet. But he had shut off too soon. He was still half a mile short of his mark and only 650 feet up from the ground. What would he do? Glide on and drop his bombs from a ridiculously low height? Or would he start his engine and run the gauntlet of rifle fire which the noise would be sure to cause, and drop his bombs from his present or a little higher altitude? The latter seemed to be the best way, so he opened the throttle, but no response. The engine had become so cold in the long glide that it wouldn't pick up again. He was done for, there could be no doubt about it. All that seemed to be left to do was to glide on and land in a safe field, burn his machine, if time permitted, and give himself up.



MAXWELL COURT: GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



Copyright.

MAXWELL COURT: FOUNTAIN IN FORECOURT.

"C.L."

However, this pilot was not built like that. So he glided towards the station. People now saw him, but nobody fired at him. He came towards the station, only 60 feet from the ground, and with a will, pulled the levers which released both bombs. Next instant machine and pilot were hurled high into the air, turned over and over and ended up in a vertical dive towards the earth with the engine racing full on. Half stunned, as he was by the explosion, the pilot faintly realised that his engine was once more running and that he had a chance. Gently and skilfully he worked her out of the dangerous nose dive, levelled her, tilted her nose upwards, and swiftly sailed homewards, climbing at the same time. He was followed by a rattle of rifle shots, but all went wide of the mark, and after crossing the lines at a comparatively low altitude, he reached our aerodrome and landed.

W. AVERY.

LITERATURE

GRAY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE POET OF THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud
How indigent the Great!

Ode to the Spring.

WHAT is the secret of Gray's special spell, of his singular popularity with the English, high and low alike? Is it not that in his few terse pieces he is essentially a poet of England and of what is most English, her country and its life. He is to a certain extent what Walt Whitman called "feudal," applying the epithet to Tennyson. He is interested in the country gentry, the country houses with their possessions. These are the peculiar pride of England, more than her townsfolk and towns. But, above all, he loves in his quiet, pensive way her country scenes.

On Boxing Day last it was just two hundred years since Gray was born, and it was one hundred and forty-five on July 30th last since he died. This seems a long time, yet after all is it so long? There might still be, and perhaps are, persons living who have seen and talked with those who have seen and talked with Gray. Dr. Joseph Turner, Head of his second College, Pembroke, who remembered him there, only died in 1828, the year in which Tennyson, having already written and published poetry, went up to Cambridge. Gray's friend, Horace Walpole, only a year younger than the poet, survived him by seven and twenty years, and Miss Berry, the companion, confidante, and editor of Walpole, only died in 1852. The Italian teacher whom Gray appointed, Agostino Isola, lived to teach Wordsworth Italian, and his granddaughter, Emma Isola, married Tennyson's friend and publisher, Edward Moxon.

But there is at least one living creature known to have lived with Gray, and been loved by him. An oak, marked in the Ordnance map as "Gray's Oak," which the writer of these pages saw flourishing some dozen years ago, still flourishes, unless it fell last year, in the grounds of Blundeston House in Suffolk. It is very fitting that Gray should be thus "remembered" by a tree. Who that knows his letters does not recollect what he says so happily of the "Burnham Beeches"? The passage is to be found in a letter written from Burnham to Walpole in the long vacation of 1736, when Gray, an undergraduate of twenty, was staying with his uncle, a fox-hunting country attorney. He first describes his uncle: "His Dogs take up every chair in the house so I'm forced to stand at this present, and tho' the Gout forbids him galloping after 'em in the field, yet he continues still to regale his Ears and Nose with their Comfortable Noise and Stink. He holds me mightily cheap I perceive for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt." Then he continues: "My comfort amidst all this is that I have at the distance of half a mile through a green Lane, a Forest.

"Both Vale and Hill is covered with most venerable Beeches and other very reverend Vegetables that like most ancient People are always dreaming out their Stories to the Winds.

And as they bow their hoary tops relate
In murmuring sounds the dark Decrees of Fate,
While Visions, as Poetic eyes avow
Cling to each Leaf and swarm on ev'ry Bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me, I; *il Penseroso* (so he happily describes himself), and there grow to the Trunk for a whole morning.

—The tim'rous Hare and sportive Squirrel
Gambol around me—

like Adam in Paradise"

The earlier lines are almost certainly Gray's own, and if so, are one of his first pieces of original composition. With the context they show his love of the country. Burnham and Stoke Pogis, not far removed from each other, were early and favourite haunts. It was probably at Stoke that he began the *Elegy*. Wherever and whenever it was written, it is surely one of the most perfect pictures of representative English rural scenery ever painted with the pen, and stamps

Gray as one of the most consummate poets of English country life who ever wrote. So perfect is the opening description that as we read it we forget to think about it. We are in it. It is the more marvellous when we try to realise that it was written in the depths of the eighteenth century, in those

Tea-cup times of hobb and hood,
And when the patch was worn.

All Gray's poetry was written then. To realise this fully we should turn to that curious work, his friend Bentley's "Designs" for six of his poems, published by Dodsley in 1775, four years after his death. The Strawberry Hill Gothic, the Eton boys bowling hoops, and keeping birds in cages, on the banks of "Father Thames," the "pensive Selima," "demurest of the tabby kind" about to slip into the china vase, the ladies "rustling in their silks and tissues," Lady Schaub, "cap-a-pee from France," and Madam Speed—the fair Melissa, Gray's too platonic flame—the Muses, dressed in their wide hoops and truth to tell, in very little else, the "churchyard path," the "long array" of mourners, the clergyman at the church-porch in surplice and wig, all are there, and there, not least, is Gray himself seated as he describes in the letter already quoted, or in *The Elegy*

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Yes, Gray was born in this age. He too wore a wig and ruffles, and breeches and silk stockings, and was at times a very fine gentleman. But it needed no French Revolution to teach him to sympathise with "The short and simple annals of the poor" or to feel that but for a little more luck and learning he and his friend the Prime Minister's foppish son would have been even as they. At the very same time that Gray's "Mute inglorious Milton" and "Village Hampden" have stirred the feeling for equality of opportunity, his few terse lines on the vanity of pomp and pride have probably done more to make rich and poor feel that they are really on one level than many poems and many speeches, and have therefore brought them together and reconciled the poor to their lot.

And it is essentially in the country that this real equality can best be felt. Gray was born in London, in its very heart on Cornhill, and he liked London, its urbanities and amenities. No wonder, for he lived in an urbane age. He loved Cambridge, though he professed at times he did not. But he loved the country better still, and like men of his sort, as the present Poet Laureate pointed out in his recent Address to Working Men, he loved it more and more as he grew older. He was a real naturalist. How delightful, because filled with his own delight, are his "Gardener's Calendars" with their accounts of the flowers for example of an English July, ever "blowing" and "going off" in the garden, while in the fields, as he says, "are to be found Scabious, St. John's Wort, Trefoil, Yarrow, Bugloss, Purple Vetch, Wild Thyme, Pale Wood Orchis, Betony, White Clover, flowering on the first of the month; Large blue Cranesbill on the 9th; Ragwort, Mothmullein and Brambles on the 30th; and Knapweed all the month." He loved the birds no less than the flowers. The stanza about the redbreast and the violets which he could not make up his mind whether to include in or omit from the *Elegy* is now well known. Less known but not less beautiful are the two lines he made as he was walking with his young friend Norton Nicholls near Cambridge in the spring:

There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.

He loved travel. He loved antiquities, he loved architecture and art, but best of all he loved Nature, on the Welsh Border, in the Lakes, in the Highlands of Scotland. "It is of the Highlands I speak," he writes, "the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but these monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners and clergymen that have not been among them. Their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet ditches, shell grottoes and Chinese rails. Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene."

After this, the famous "Romantic movement" seems hardly to have been necessary. For the most part Gray busied himself with quiet tasks. "To think, though to little purpose," he wrote, "has been the chief amusement of my

days, and when I would not or cannot think, I dream. At present I find myself able to write a Catalogue, or to read the Peerage Book (naïve confession) or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments or such authors in the world. Some people who hold me cheap for this, are doing what perhaps is not half so well worth while. As to posterity I may ask (with somebody whom I have forgot) 'what it has ever done to oblige me?'

He was right, if only half right. Walpole, it is true, rallied him, not unkindly, on occupying himself with annotating Linnæus when he ought to have been "pranking on his lyre," and Gibbon said much the same.

He only wrote when he felt inspired, and that was very seldom. But he has his reward. In his own words "His soul was sincere." By his sincerity he has found posterity and posterity has found him. He has come into his own. He is himself still a shy figure. His works, he said, were so tiny that they might seem the production of some little insect. It is the irony of literary memories that at Blundeston the oak under which he loved to sit is little visited, while the sightseer seeks in the parish churchyard the grave of David Copperfield's mother! But if "Dickens worshippers" are thus obtuse, Dickens was not so himself. He spoke with wonder of Gray as "stepping down the ages with his thin volume under his arm."

And it is even so. He is surer of longer, if not larger, immortality than Dickens himself. The slimness of his baggage is only an advantage in his onward journey. He cannot die. He is with the Horace and Statius and the *"il Penseroso"* he loved so well. He is also with the younger Pliny.

Scattered volumes from his library are carefully preserved as the treasures of the libraries of others, at Bowood, at his own Pembroke, or in the Bodleian. His letters are among the heirlooms of country houses like Chewton and the Vyne. The "China Vase" which engulfed poor Selima is still to be seen at Knowsley. His collection of Italian music is religiously cherished in America. His annotated Linnæus, sent as a special gift by Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton, has been reproduced there in facsimile. His letters have been thrice edited in the last five and thirty years; by Mr. Gosse, an adopted son of Cambridge, who also wrote a most happy and readable life of the poet; by Mr. Tovey, a student from his own Eton; and quite recently by an Oxford scholar, Dr. Paget Toynbee, who with the aid of the Clarendon Press has produced an edition with which even his own fastidious nicety could have found little fault.

His Elegy, which Wolfe pored over as he crossed the Atlantic, in the copy given him by his lady-love, and recited to his Staff on the eve of his capture of Quebec, has become the most truly popular, as it was from the first one of the most scholarly, poems in the language. It hit the Englishman exactly, in his love of his land, his belief yet disbelief in fame, his bent towards ambition, yet his sense of its ending and emptiness, his religion and piety, natural and supernatural. They all are here.

It has been translated into many languages, both ancient and modern, into some of them many times. The greatest Cambridge Latinist of the last generation laboured at a version which, it has been well said, is a commentary too. The editions of it are innumerable. Wordsworth sniffed at Gray, but has to record that his village schoolmaster has lines from it inscribed on his tomb. Burns admired it intensely. Mr. Bridges has included what is in both senses the "best part" of it in his recent very original, eclectic and exclusive anthology "The Spirit of Man." All, indeed, have felt about it what Johnson expressed when, after saying with admirable candour, and thereby anticipating the verdict of the ages, that he "rejoiced to concur with the common reader," "for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinement of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claims to poetical honours" he suddenly lowered altogether his critic lance and ended, "Had he often written thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him." HERBERT WARREN.

LITERARY NOTES

"A. E." as editor of *The Irish Homestead* and as poet, thinker, politician, is always sure of an indulgent hearing. Because of his frankness, sincerity and loveliness he is a man with whom it is impossible to be angry. *The National Being* (Maunsell) is a book of imaginative meditation about the freedom of Ireland. Where Englishmen foregather the mention of the word Ireland brings a stern look into the most tranquil eyes. For the first time in history Ireland has not held its place as an Imperial unit. With that hint let us look at some points in "A. E.'s" meditation.

IRELAND A NATION.

The opening sentence of the book reminds me of a missionary who used to go about the Orkney Islands many years ago with a trunk, on which was

inscribed with brass nails "Robert Mitchell Born August 4th 1856. Born again November 10th 1879." "A. E." will not thank me for the implied correction of his statement that the "Infant state of Ireland" was born in 1914 amid a world conflict, yet his book is a passionate appeal that Irishmen should regard it as a rebirth and that they should show it to have been one by laying aside these paltry vices and living higher and more spiritual lives. But it was an unhappy inspiration that made him single out Germany as an example. "That great mid-European State, which while I write is at bay surrounded by enemies, did not arrive at that pitch of power which made it dominant in Europe simply by militarism. That military power depended on and was fed by a vigorous intellectual life, and the most generally diffused education and science existing perhaps in the world. The national being had been enriched by a long succession of mighty thinkers. A great subjective life and centuries of dream preceded a great objective manifestation of power and wealth. The stir in the German Empire which has agitated Europe was, at its root, the necessity laid on a powerful soul to surround itself with equal external circumstance. That necessity is laid on all nations, on all individuals, to make their external life correspond in some measure to their internal dream." Oh! "A. E."! Because the great robber dreamed of a Berlin-Baghdad line, of the Persian Gulf, of India, of seizing Antwerp and Flushing, was it right that he should plunge a world in horror to realise his dream? And if your historical explanation is correct, why do you later in the book talk as if Grey was as responsible for the war as the Kaiser, the English people as the German?

AN AGRICULTURAL WATCHWORD.

In any case it seems to me a waste of time to try to fit a nation with an ideal. Make them intelligently busy and the ideal natural to the race will come of itself. Ireland is an agricultural country, and the watchword chosen for it by the author is co-operation. Never was co-operation praised in language so elevated, imaginative, truly eloquent. Ireland is strictly agricultural, and its rebirth might be more correctly stated from the introduction of Danish methods by Sir Horace Plunkett. The change was once unconsciously explained by a driver who was taking me round some farms in the Wild West. "Sorrow take their new ways!" he exclaimed. "When my father, rest his soul, wanted eggs, he giv me his hat and old Biddy filled the hat for sixpence, and she'd cut you a lump of butter. Biddy did not count by dozens or pounds." The last words were spoken in ultra-English in most contemptuous tones! Irish butter used to be so ill made and dirty as to be inadmissible to good London shops; now it ranks with Danish and Normandy. "A. E." says the Irishman has now discovered where his butter goes, and that he has to compete with Americans, Europeans and Colonials. There are no country towns of importance in Ireland, no huge industrial armies to be fed; hence markets have to be found in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and the other big towns of England and Scotland. Irish prosperity depends on the prosperity of her "neighbour," as "A. E." pointedly calls the adjacent island of Great Britain.

IRISH FAILURES AND REMEDIES.

Are the Land Acts a failure? In one mood "A. E." almost answers in the affirmative. True, they have operated to transfer land to the cultivator, but the sons for whom they were intended as a medium remain unheeded. The surplus population continues to emigrate, not to Irish cities, but to New York. "The long war over the land which resulted in the transference of the land from landlord to cultivator has advanced us part of the way, but the Land Acts offered no complete solution. We were assured by hot enthusiasts of the magic of proprietorship, but Ireland has not tilled a single acre more since the Land Acts were passed. Our rural exodus continued without any Moses to lead us to Jerusalems of our own." What other expedient can be tried? "A. E." rightly points out that neither in this nor any other country has first class thinking been devoted to a rural exodus common to every country in the world. Germany made the nearest approach to a solution when she checked the migration to the United States. There is a great deal to be done in Ireland before we come to the application of the remedy suggested by our author. A country where the average size of a holding is only twenty-five acres and where the cultivation is not very intensive has not sufficient outlets for ambition. It means that the bulk of the population is compelled to do little things in a little way. During the last twelve years the Irish have vastly improved both in method and intelligence. Yet education lags behind, agricultural education as well as the other. Just before the war I saw two or three little holdings (at as many points in the West) that had been wrenched from the hill by the unceasing labour of years. "The best of my days have been given to that," said one man in a tone at once proud and rueful. How could one tell him that better results could have been obtained in a year? Populate Ireland with Dutchmen or Belgians and the cultivated area would begin to swell by thousands of acres. Why should not Irishmen do it? "A. E." has been a faithful guide along the first stage of the journey; he must again help a lame dog over a stile.

A NEW KIND OF CONSCRIPTION.

Our author, though very unwarlike, is struck with the grandeur of "the men who march away." Men of trade unions who would stand up for what they thought their rights in hours, work and wages, at their country's call rose willingly and agreed to risk life and limb for a pittance. In regard to Conscription he writes: "There is much that is abhorrent to the imagination in the idea of war, and I am altogether with that noble body of men who are trying, by means of arbitration treaties, to solve national differences by reason rather than by force. But we all recognise something noble in the spirit of the nation where the community agrees that every man shall give up some years of his life to the State for the preservation of the State, and may be called upon to surrender life absolutely in that service." The answer to his contention is that arbitration treaties are but scraps of paper, and for a long time to come no first class Power will dare to found its policy on the assumption that there shall be no more wars. "A. E." does not want a war ideal in Ireland. "Our geographical position and the slender population of our Country" forbid it. But further on he throws out the idea. "Is there any reason why we should not have conscription for civil purposes. Why should not every young man in Ireland give up two years of his life in a comradeship of labour

with other young men, and be employed under skilled direction in great works of public utility, in the erection of public buildings, the beautifying of our cities, reclamation of waste lands, afforestation, and other desirable objects?" The time is inopportune for going into the ingenious arguments used in support of this novel proposal. It opens up an interesting line of thought all the same. Recent experience has demonstrated the great value of fitness and discipline,

and given these, a long military training is not needed for trench warfare. History will not forget that in spite of conscription the enterprise of Germany has ended in a colossal failure which cannot now be retrieved. Apparently she with gladness would accept a return to the *status quo* and put up with being minus two or three million lives and the accumulated wealth of a quarter of a century, to say nothing of her lost battleships and merchantmen. P.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

THOUGH the Bill to enable the Trustees of the National Gallery to dispose of some of their pictures which might be considered superfluous was supposed to have been dropped, the fact is otherwise, and in any case the question raised is not thus easily to be solved. There will always be people holding opposite views on such a subject. To some the retention of a larger number of pictures by a single artist than can possibly be exhibited will seem foolish. Others will say that the danger of drying up the great fountain of bequests by altering the terms under which they have in the past been accepted is greater than any consequent freedom of sale could repay. Others, again, will distrust the judgment of whoever might be charged to decide upon what should be sold and what retained. It may be well to point out that in this case the terms of Turner's will are not in question. He did not leave the twenty thousand and more water-colours to the nation. We received them as part of a compromise with the heirs-at-law, by which the terms of the will were entirely set aside.

It is no secret that in fact the proposed power of sale would have threatened the completeness of the great Turner collection which the nation now owns. If a special building had been erected to house and exhibit the Turner collection as a whole, the suggestion that the many actual duplicates which exist might be sold would probably have arisen sooner. But these duplicates are chiefly oil-paintings. The most numerous part of the collection, the part with which we are now concerned, is that consisting of his drawings. These are in pencil, in pencil partly washed with colour, or entirely in water-colours. The public probably conceives of the whole bulk of the drawings as finished water-colour paintings such as those generally exhibited in frames. But they are nothing of the sort. The large majority are notes to guide and enforce the artist's memory, and serve, if needed, as material for the composition or completion of pictures painted

at leisure in the studio. Turner was a great wanderer. All the landscape artists of his day were wanderers. They travelled far and wide, not merely in search of subjects, but of buyers and patrons. They worked at a time intermediate between the days when few people cared about landscape at all and those when photography began to supply the public demand for a record of scenes visited. Few people have any idea of the mass of topographical records that were made by draughtsmen at the end of the eighteenth and in the first half of the nineteenth centuries. The Print-Room and the Manuscript departments of the British Museum contain an extraordinary number of drawings of houses, churches, ruins and other features of all parts of the country: collections made by local antiquaries or assemblages of the work of this and the other wandering artist. The only way a man could get a representation of his house or his village was to have a drawing made of it. Travelling artists performed the function of the modern photographer, and engravings made from their drawings were the nearest approach to the picture post-card of to-day.

It was out of the multitude of such draughtsmen that the eminent water-colourists of that time arose, with Turner at their head. Nor were they content to confine their attentions to our own country. One after another made extended tours abroad for the purpose of bringing home drawings which could be sold to the travelled Englishman—memorials of his own journeys. Turner made many such foreign tours, and brought back with him carefully finished water-colours from the Loire, the Rhine, Venice, the Italian Lakes, the great Passes of the Alps, and so forth. He sold these drawings singly or in sets to well-to-do buyers. But, besides the finished drawings, he returned with books full of slighter sketches incomparably more numerous, and these fill the bulk of the portfolios now carefully preserved in the Tate Gallery.



WARKWORTH CASTLE.

For the student of Turner these incomplete sketches, these pencilled memoranda, are of great value and interest. They enable us to follow him step by step. We can see what attracted his attention forcibly, what slightly. They enable us to follow his moods as easily as his steps; but to find the way about among them has required much research, and it is still far from completed. For instance, a sketch book that accompanied him on one trip and was not completely filled may have been laid by for a few years and then picked up again, and had its blanks filled with sketches taken on another and later wandering. Subjects are not named in perhaps the majority of cases. They have to be recognised. Not long ago a letter turned up, written by a gentleman who had been a member of a party which Turner accompanied on a short walking tour into Kent. No biographer had recorded this tour. A mere chance enabled me to recognise a drawing as belonging to that journey, and we then discovered that the neighbouring leaves of the book likewise contained Kentish sketches till then unidentified. As the rest of the book had been used in the West of England (I believe), the previously unidentified sketches had been supposed to depict West Country views. All, however, was explained by the letter. Turner had suddenly decided to run off with friends on this short trip. He had picked up the first half-filled sketch-book that came to hand and had carried that with him, of course not troubling to make a written note for the guidance of utterly unforeseen future students.

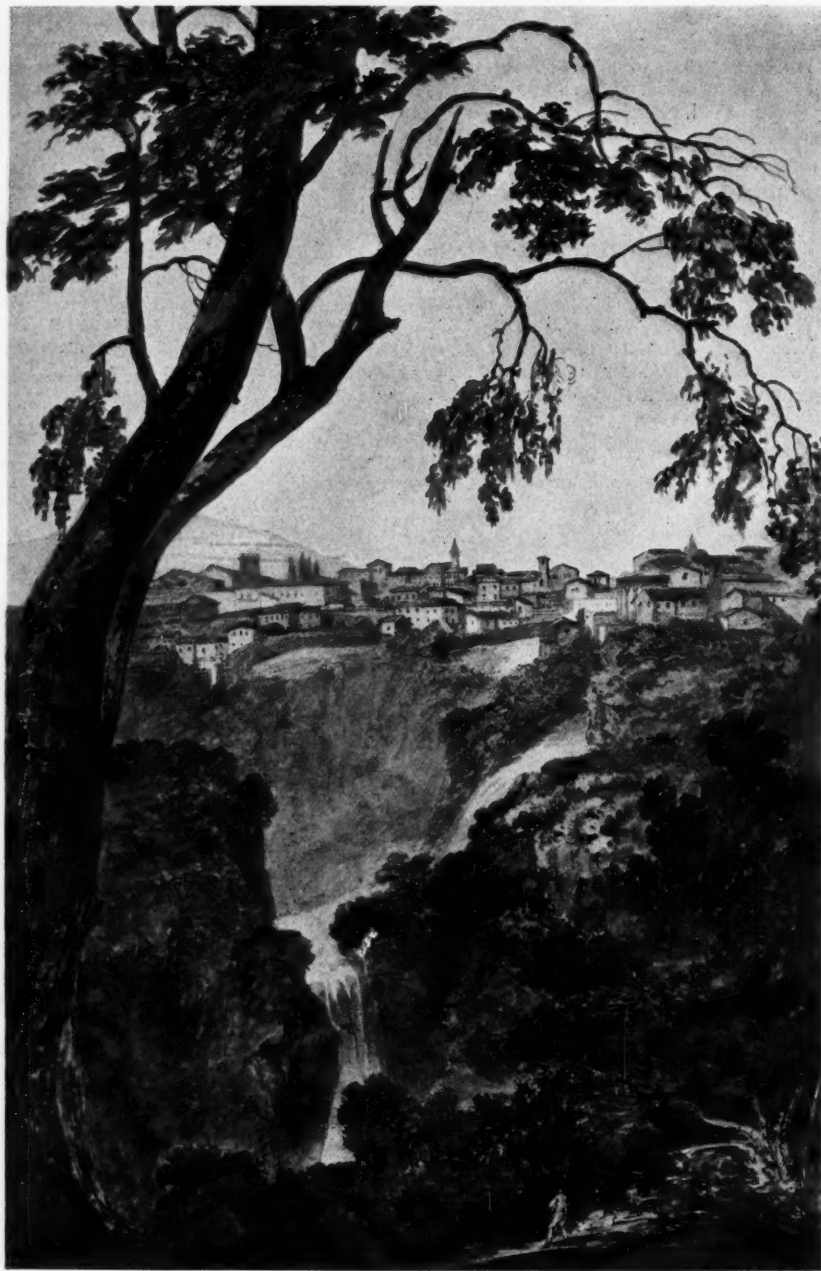
It follows that the more unbroken the series of Turner's sketch-books can be maintained the better. Future lovers of art will not think less of that great artist than we do. It is only artists of other schools and aspirations who have ever belittled Turner since his name was made. The public, once they had learned his merit, have always remained true to him.

It is upon the taste of the instructed part of the public, not upon the judgment of other artists, that artistic reputation depends. Critics should never forget this. The artist's business is to make, the public's to appreciate. The artist can only properly appreciate art akin to that which he endeavours to produce. He ought to be narrow-minded in an artistic sense. But the public, the instructed public, has many heads and all sorts of sympathies and tastes. It is the great reservoir of appreciation. The public has placed Turner on the pedestal, where he will remain.

Nothing more clearly manifests the conditions in which Turner's powers grew than an examination of his water-colours in chronological order. We see him in his early years faithfully transcribing the buildings and their surroundings which attracted his attention. He became a very accurate architectural draughtsman. He endeavoured to set down on his paper the thing that he saw with the veracity later attained by photography. His early drawings are records, and this recording intention remained a leading element in his art for many years. Our reproduction of one of his drawings of Salisbury Cathedral is a good example. It is a plain statement of fact. Every buttress, window and moulding was to be as truthfully recorded as means permitted. The selected point of view, the chosen light—in these the artist's will was manifested. In all else the fact was law.

From this beginning Turner advanced through all the phases of his growth from recorder to creator, from historian to poet. Gradually, as his powers of hand and mind increased, as he gathered experience and his memory became ever more richly stored, as the vision of his imagination overcame the mere vision of his eye, the things he painted became more complex. The visionary submerged the actual. The world of fancy replaced the world of fact. It is a wonderful development to watch, as in his countless studies, engravings and pictures we can watch it. I do not know of any other artist in whom the drama of growth is so wonderful and the record of it even approximately so complete.

Far, therefore, from disposing of any Turners from the National Collections, I would preserve them integrally together; I would isolate them from the work of any other artist whatsoever in a building of their own. I would display them in a strictly chronological series of selected examples on the walls, and would group the rest likewise in strict chronological sequence in boxes or other receptacles, clearly and fully indexed and easily accessible. A great work in this direction has already been done by the skill and industry of Mr. Finberg, who has induced fair order out of the chaos which before him reigned. He should be enabled and encouraged to continue his labours. The lifetime of a skilled expert is not too much to devote to so precious an inheritance. We are not the owners of Turner's great bequest. Each generation is but a trustee for the next, and all for the whole world. Let us see that we, for our part, faithfully fulfil our trust.



FALLS OF ANIO.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE CLOISTERS.

CORRESPONDENCE

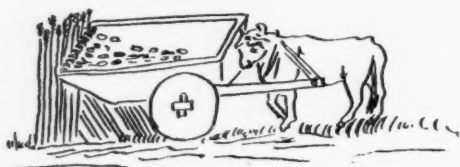
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The somewhat academical question as to the harvester mentioned by Palladius raised by Sir Martin Conway in one of your recent issues has drawn attention to the urgent necessity of providing farmers with more mechanical help. As a leading article of the *Times* of a few days ago said, "Again, farmers should be given a better opportunity of obtaining labour-saving appliances." This matter has been occupying the serious attention of the Board of Agriculture for some time, and "at the request of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Development Commissioners an informal meeting was held in the Long Vacation at which Sir Sydney Olivier and Mr. T. H. Middleton of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, Mr. A. D. Hall of the Development Commission, Professor T. B. Wood and Mr. J. B. Peace were present, and the objects which the Government had in view were discussed and explained."

After further consideration and correspondence the Secretary of the Board, Sir Sydney Olivier, wrote to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University indicating that the Board, "in concert with the Development Commission, were considering the question of making provision for the establishment of a

Research Institute for the purpose of investigating problems relating to agricultural machinery." In his letter Sir Sydney suggested and said that Lord Crawford, the



FROM THE "MEMOIRES DE L'INSTITUTE ROYAL"

then President of the Board, was prepared, provided the University of Cambridge was agreeable, to establish an Institute of the character desired at Cambridge, whose Agricultural and Engineering Schools are well known and with which it was hoped the new Institute would be in close touch. The Board of Agricultural Studies in the University have recommended that the University should give a cordial welcome to the proposal.

The following is included in the Report of the Cambridge Board:

"The principal officers of the Institute would be (1) a Director and (2) an Agriculturist, who might be styled Assistant Director. The Director should be a University graduate in Engineering possessing 'works' experience of mechanism. The Board hope that the Director will eventually receive the University status of Reader, in which case he would be called upon to give such courses of lectures as may be approved by the General Board of Studies. He would also be responsible for organising from time to time short courses of instruction for members of the University and other persons interested in agricultural machinery. The stipend of the Director should be at the rate of £700 a year. The Agriculturist should be a University graduate, or holder of a Diploma in Agriculture, with practical experience in the use of agricultural machinery. His stipend should range between £250 and £500 a year.

"The work of the Institute would require accommodation which might perhaps be provided in a temporary building about 50 ft. by 40 ft. immediately adjoining the School of Agriculture. Land of various kinds would also be required for experimental work. This might be found on Gravel Hill or How Hill Farms or on other farms in the neighbourhood, but probably two small plots, one of light and one of heavy land, would have to be devoted exclusively to experimental purposes.

"The Board have consulted the Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, who is prepared to extend to the work of the Institute all the assistance in his power."

The Board conclude their Report by pointing out that the establishment of the Institute in Cambridge would cause no burden to fall upon the funds of the University, the whole of the expenses being borne by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Development Commissioners.

If I may refer again to Sir Martin Conway's letter I would like to point out that the machine mentioned by him has been used in late times and that an example is figured in the third volume of the "Memoires de l'Institute Royal" of France. This figure is now reproduced. I owe this reference to my friend Dr. A. C. Haddon, F.R.S.—A. E. SHIPLEY, Sc.D., F.R.S.

CO-OPERATIVE PIG-REARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What you aptly term "the Government of quick decision" has issued a circular advising all and sundry to keep pigs—an excellent object where possible—but, as the Duke of Somerset has pointed out, most of our cottagers have too small a space for the purpose, while pig meal is high in price, and the domestic food waste in such homes, his Grace declares, would hardly sustain a terrier, much less a pig. For the workers in our rural towns and seaside places it would be as reasonable to advise keeping a camel as a pig. On the other hand, all Rural and Urban District Councils could at once take this matter up if armed with authority from the Local Government Board. Their surveyors could engage suitable land, and a nucleus of practical men on every Council form a sub-committee to set the necessary local labour at work (pensioned and disabled soldiers could here be useful) to look after the animals, and collect the food refuse from the local residents. When ready for market the pigs would be disposed of in the usual way. Thus only can pig-rearing be increased in wholesale fashion in our rural districts.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

SUMMER FLOWERS IN JANUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just (January 2nd) gathered the enclosed flowers in my garden, which are considered very good after the frost and high winds we have had.—Mrs. W., Dellside, Heswall.

[This note was accompanied by a box of full blown hardy flowers; not flowers of the winter, like yellow Jasmine, Wych Hazels, Christmas Roses, Spring Laurel and Winter Sweet, but summer flowers, including Roses in great variety, Pansies, Marigolds, Antirrhinums or Snapdragons, and Marguerites, all reminiscent of the scorching days of summer. Some of the Roses were in bud, others full blown, and although unmistakably weather beaten and not easy to recognise, we venture to pick out Zephyrine Drouhin, Gustave Regis, La France, Longworth Rambler, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Carol ne Testout and Lady Ashtown, all old friends that will now and again produce stray bloom in winter. There were other flowers which looked as if they had been plucked from a sheltered rock garden, such, for example, as the G. braltar Iberis, Aubretias, Veronicas, Spurge, Achilleas, seedling Pinks, Potentillas and Alpine Auriculas. Two shrubby plants were also included, the silvery leaves and flower buds of Convolvulus Cneorum and the fragrant leaves of Lippia citriodora, the so-called Lemon-scented Verbena.—Ed.]

ORCHIDS IN SURREY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I stand corrected. Viscountess Peel is quite right about "Listera" ovata, which I inadvertently spelled "Lastraea." With regard to the "Aura" anthropophora, or "Man-bearing" orchis, I myself am not familiar with the name "Aura." In my old botanical books it was called "Aceras," and I have no doubt that Viscountess Peel will be able to identify it under that name, unless within the past ten years or so the name has again been changed. The Man-bearing Orchis is very rare and local in England. It used to grow on Box Hill, where I first took it in 1882, and no doubt it still exists on that first-rate "botanists' hunting ground." With it used to grow the equally local monkey orchis. Both these orchids were flourishing in 1892 on some of the mountains of Asia Minor, where I took them along with a lovely little variety of cypripedium, the lady's slipper. In conclusion, may I thank Viscountess Peel for pointing out my error?—ALEC HARVEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to Viscountess Peel's enquiry as to "Aura anthropophora," I write to say that the name of the orchid is "Aceras anthropophora" (green man orchid). It is described in all the modern (and other) Floras—"Hooker's Student's Flora," Babington's Manual, Bentham, etc., as well as in the "Botanist's Pocket Book." It may interest you to know that in my younger days I found it in a chalk pit on Buckland Hill, near Reigate, and also later on at the back of Box Hill, near Headley Lane, near Dorking, where also I found Neottia Nidus-avis and Herminium Monorchis, and the latter also in Norbury Park; Cephalanthera grandiflora plentiful under Beech trees at the back of Box Hill; Spiranthes autumnalis, Purley Downs.—WM. R. HAYWARD.

BUTTER AND EGGS: OLD PRICES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your article of December 30th, "Farmers and Books," mention is made of the price of Irish eggs and butter in "the good old days." I would wish to say that in some parts of the English Midlands seventy years ago a housekeeper could have a basket of thirty eggs for a shilling on fetching them from a farmhouse, and butter at three pounds for a shilling, the latter on churning days, and the butter would be dug out of the churn with the butter "spate," or slice, in lumps into a dish brought for the purpose, the weight being of less matter than the bulk, and often the three pounds for a shilling was nearer four. This was at farms remote from a market town. This sort of transaction obtained on one of my own grandfather's farms. The like never again!—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

GRASSLAND INTO POTATO PLOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago my people decided to turn a grass field of a little more than half an acre into a potato plot. The first thing done was to root up all weed plants, docks, nettles, dandelions and coarse grasses. Then followed a top layer of lime, another of "smithy slack" with all lumps riddled out, and then a further very thick layer of soot from the store of a chimney sweep—several score bags, in fact. The plot was then deeply dug with the spade. These operations were done in November and December. At setting time Red Regents were put in with an ordinary quantity of farmyard muck, and the crop was a good one of about seven tons, free from scab and other disease. I do not know if the plan would be as good on any kind of land, but in this case the subsoil was of a sandy nature. Weeds gave next to no trouble.—O. M.

A BOOK ON DRAINAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could inform me of a small practical book on draining land and around old houses for damp. I was much interested in your suggestion of how to stop leakage in a dam, as we have been trying to do the same to a leaking mill dam, with poor success generally I think, as the leakage is still there, I fear. Clay ramming alone on the inside of the wall was what was done, without a concrete projection and sharp sand, as you suggest in COUNTRY LIFE.—F. J. W. ROGERS.

A MORNING COBWEB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I obtained this photograph the other morning after a very heavy dew. The spider's web was laden along all its strands and the drops of water looked



"LIKE ROUND AND ORIENT PEARLS."

like globules of silver, though some had already fallen by the time I had my camera fixed up.—WM. TITTINGTON.

SWELLINGS ON DOG'S FEET.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent (December 30th) asking advice about a dog with sore paws, perhaps my experience might be of use. I had a Skye terrier which suffered very much with sore

paws, and had constant little gatherings at the roots of his nails. We tried various remedies, and at last the veterinary advised his nails being cut. We had this done and he never had sore paws again. My sister's little Pomeranian also had a sore paw which kept recurring, so we had his nails cut, and since then he has never had a sore paw. The remedy is very simple, and can do no harm if it does no good.—M. PERKINS.

AN EARLY HAZEL FLOWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that on January 15th, 1916, I found the female flower of the hazel in full bloom on Ashdown Forest. I should be glad to know if this is considered to be an exceptionally early date.—H. H. F.

[The female flowers of the hazel usually make their appearance from the middle of February till the end of April, when the soft yellow pollen dust from the male catkins is being blown about. The male catkins are formed in the autumn, and remain all the winter until the anthers burst. Unless the male catkins happened to shed their pollen abnormally early the precocious female flower would have no chance of ever making a nut.—ED.]

NEWTIMBER AND ANNE OF CLEVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Mr. Philip M. Johnston's interesting account of Newtimber Place, he says, "Probably Henry's unmarried wife (Anne of Cleves) leased or sold Newtimber Place to the Darells." It may interest some of your readers to know that it evidently passed into the hands of Sir William Goring before the Darells came into possession, from the following evidence: The grant of the rectory of Carshalton by Edward VI, June 16th, 1552, begins: "Whereas Henry VIII by letters patent 20 Jan. 32 Hen. VIII. granted to Lady Anne of Cleves (daughter of John late Duke of Cleves) certain manors

etc formerly belonging to Thomas Cromwell late Earl of Essex, attainted, for her life; the King now grants to William Goring Kt. the reversion of the said manors, and the rectory and church of Carsalton. . . . To hold, except the rectory and advowson of Carsalton, to the said Wm. Goring and his lawful male issue, of the King for $\frac{1}{10}$ of a Knight's fee." The will of Sir William Goring, 1555, contains the clause: "I give unto Henrie Goringe (the eldest son) my lease and terme of years of & in the manor of Balnethe and Nitimber, yielding the rent accustomed unto the Ladie Anne of Cleve." Sir William was



A NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLEMAN IN THE SINAI PENINSULAR.

sheriff of Surrey in 1550. In his will he mentions gifts he had received from Henry VIII, and many valuable presents which Anne of Cleves had given to his wife Elizabeth. I am under the impression (and would like to be certain as to this) that he was one of the commissioners visiting the religious houses before their suppression.—A. V. PEATLING.

TO BE "PLOUGH-PROUD."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if the term "plough-proud" is in common use in any agricultural district, but in years gone by it was used to a considerable extent among ploughmen. When one of their number was famous for skill in handling a plough and showed pride over his work, he would be dubbed as a "plough-proud Jack." It was a term which served as a stimulating 'spurrin' to the aspiring and growing-up lad when first intrusted with the handling of a plough, and his father would prompt the lad to become "plough-proud." Such are still to be met with in spite of machine ploughs, steam or oil driven, and it is to be hoped the term will never die out.—SENFEX.

ANIMALS AND YEW TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "A. M. E." says it is a somewhat moot point why yew trees were commonly planted in graveyards. I have always heard they were planted there to prevent cattle eating them, their poisonous qualities being well known. They were essential in olden times for making bows, and in those days graveyards were usually the only enclosed areas in villages.—T. A. A.

WHITE MARKINGS ON MULES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago you printed one or two letters about the rarity of white markings on mules. The enclosed snapshot may be of interest.



AN EVENLY WHITE MARKED MULE.

as the mule has four white socks. He, unfortunately, moved and hid his off fore leg, but the photograph just shows that the foot is white.—B. LEA-WILSON, 270 Brigade, R.F.A., E.E.F.

HOW WE FIGHT IN THE EAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you may find room for the enclosed photograph of a trooper in the New Zealand Mounted Rifles. It is taken in the Sinai Peninsula, fifty miles from the Canal. He is shooting from cover with his horse lying beside him, which they are trained to do to order.—C. R. FAUER.

THE PROLIFIC ARTICHOKE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Now that a good result from food planting is of great consequence, my luck with half a dozen ground artichokes I planted last year on a very small new piece of soil may be of interest. I have recently dug one plant, and upon weighing the artichokes in the kitchen scales found there were 12lb. Surely a very good return for the outlay of a single artichoke! —A. H.



WIDGEON AND MOOR HEN HUNTING FOR THEIR SUPPERS.

WINTER AFTERNOON PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—I enclose herewith a few photographs taken on December 20th, 1916. They illustrate a female widgeon and a waterhen searching for food in

let me know through the medium of your paper where to find a poem, presumably of Kipling's, that begins, "Say to the mountains, Be ye removed! They say to the lesser floods, run dry!" It is about "Sons of Mary and of Martha." I have seen it quoted,

Master of Pembroke Hall, wrote: "He never spoke out, but I believe . . . that for some time past he thought himself nearer his end than those about him apprehended." Matthew Arnold quoted this letter in his essay on Gray in Ward's "English Poets," and proceeded: "*He never spoke out.*" In these four words is contained the whole history of Gray, both as a man and as a poet."—JOHN D. HAMILTON.

WANTED, A KIPLING POEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent's question in your issue of December 30th, he will find the poem he wants in "Songs from Books" and also in "Actions and Reactions." It is called "The Power of the Dog," and begins "There is sorrow enough in the natural way." I should be very glad if you could



THE WIDGEON THINKS THE POND BANK MORE PROMISING GROUND.

the snow. At the time of taking (4 o'clock p.m.) the light was very poor, and hence the definition is not quite so sharp as I should like. It is not often that one gets a chance of "snapping" the waterhen during the winter months. This season they have been exceptionally tame, and I have seen a dozen or more hunting a pond bank at one time—STANLEY CROOK.

but never found it in any of Kipling's works.—D. L. BATE. [Replies have also been received from J. Rose, M. Fairbank, E. M. Mills, A. S. Colley, K. Barlow, R. A. Tennant, C. T. Menzies, A. Read, E. A. Williams, L. Wilson, G. B. Bree, A. G. Radford, C. Breese, P. W. Trafford and others.—ED.]

TURNIP SEED IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—Thinking what was once done, about thirty years ago, on my husband's estate I remember one of the old labourers, the shepherd, always grew in his cottage garden enough turnip seed for the farm. I so well remember the little patch of turnips in flower and then in seed, when string hung with feathers or red rags floated over it to keep the birds off. He rubbed the seed out with his hands, and always grew £3 or £4 worth, which was earned with very little trouble.—H.

"HE NEVER SPOKE OUT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—The "famous critic" whom Mr. William Watson refers to was Matthew Arnold. After Gray's death his friend James Brown,



SOMETHING GOOD AT LAST.